

Martin

Luther

Labouchere

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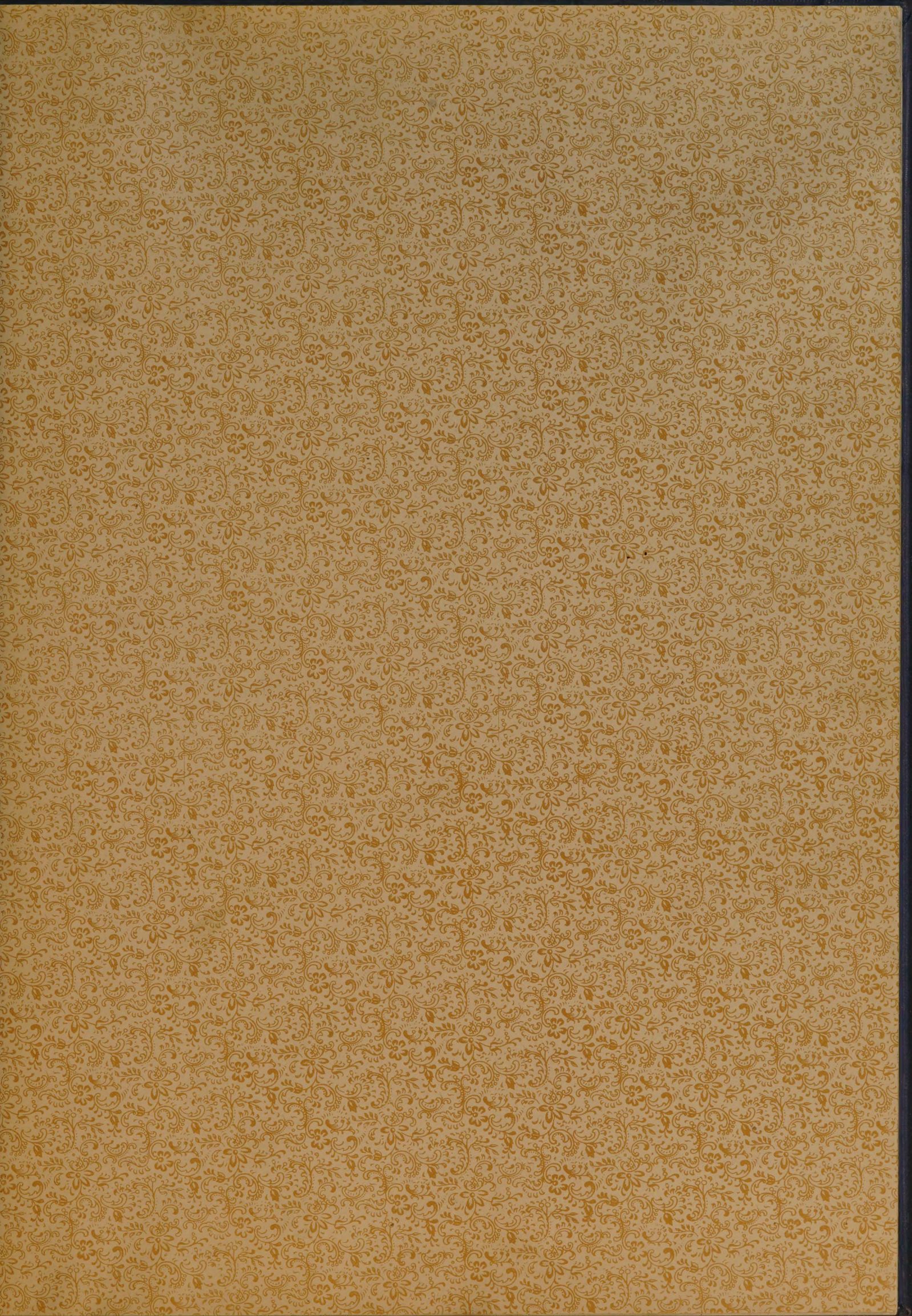
1862













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Illustrations
of the life of

Martin **L**uther

Engraved in line after Original Paintings by
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with letterpress descriptions by

T. M.erle d'**H.**ubigné **D. D.**

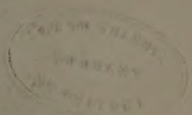
Author of the **H**istory of the **R**eformation of the **S**ixteenth **C**entury.

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1862.



5726.



P R E F A C E.

THE epoch of the Reformation is, next to the epoch of the Gospel, that which furnishes history with its brightest page. By restoring to fallen Christendom the doctrine and the life of apostolic times, the Reformation has achieved a mighty work, secured the future development of humanity, and prepared, for the nations who receive it, a reign of intellectual light, liberty, morality, order, and activity.

Roman-catholicism is a religion of the Middle Ages. Its empty superstitions, its perishable institutions, its church, mostly without spirit and without life, cannot exist in modern times: the Gospel must now make all things new. Already, if we compare Protestant with Romish nations—England and Spain for instance—we may discern a remarkable difference between them. That comes from the Reformation.

It is important, therefore, that this great epoch should be better known; nay more, it must become popular: and for that purpose, it is fit that it should be not only described in books, but represented by the productions of art. It is this end we have in view in laying before the public a few scenes in the life of the great Reformer.

This design has been conceived and executed by an eminent artist, whose name and family are equally known in France, England, and Holland, and who has already acquired an honourable reputation by his former works, especially by his two beautiful pictures of “Luther, Melancthon, Pomeranus, and Cruciger translating the Bible,” and “The Conference at Geneva in 1549.” My estimable friend, M. Labouchere, desired me to describe with the pen the scenes which he has so ably depicted with his pencil. Although I felt my insufficiency for such a task, I did not think it right to be deaf to his repeated entreaties.

I have merely added some rough outlines to the finished work of M. Labouchere; for I know that, in publications of this kind, the whole attention is directed to the plates, and that the letter-press holds a secondary rank. Although it may be my fate not to be read, I have, nevertheless, had pleasure in carefully tracing these historic scenes of the Reformation of Luther. I thought I could not do better than take as my guide an expression of Luther’s: “An animated narrative is like a picture, and is fixed far more deeply in the mind than an abstract doctrine.”

History ought to be written in an historical manner, according to the rule that everything should be treated according to its nature. History must live again in the eyes of those who study it, and they must be eye-witnesses of the things they are told. This is more especially necessary when we have to deal with a few detached scenes, and not a continuous narrative. For a scene to have indispensable truthfulness

and life, it is allowable, and even necessary, to add here a shadow, there a light, in harmony with the design and the general arrangement—to give the touches required to complete the resemblance.

The severe muse of history excludes all that has not really taken place: it is not strictly the same with pictures of the past. Here we must take truth rather than reality for our guide.

There are museums where statues are exhibited just as they have been found, that is to say, mutilated, without arms, perhaps even without heads. There are other museums where the statues are restored to what they must originally have been, where the missing limbs are replaced according to the analogy of those that are left. This is what the historic picture does.

And yet, while referring the reader, fond of history strictly written, to my work on the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, I may add that the scenes here laid before him are true historic scenes.

I have only now to express a desire that this publication, even while interesting its readers, may contribute, in some small degree, to make true Protestantism better known. Some one of these pictures may reveal the inner forces which have in modern times restored the living religion of the apostolic ages; while another may manifest the firmness with which its purity ought to be maintained. These two things—truth and life—are necessary, so that amid the divers forms, more or less defective, of religious society, evangelical Christianity may accomplish the task which God has assigned it, and be the true, powerful, and salutary religion.

This, to my mind, is the prime interest of human kind.

MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

EAUX VIVES, GENEVA.

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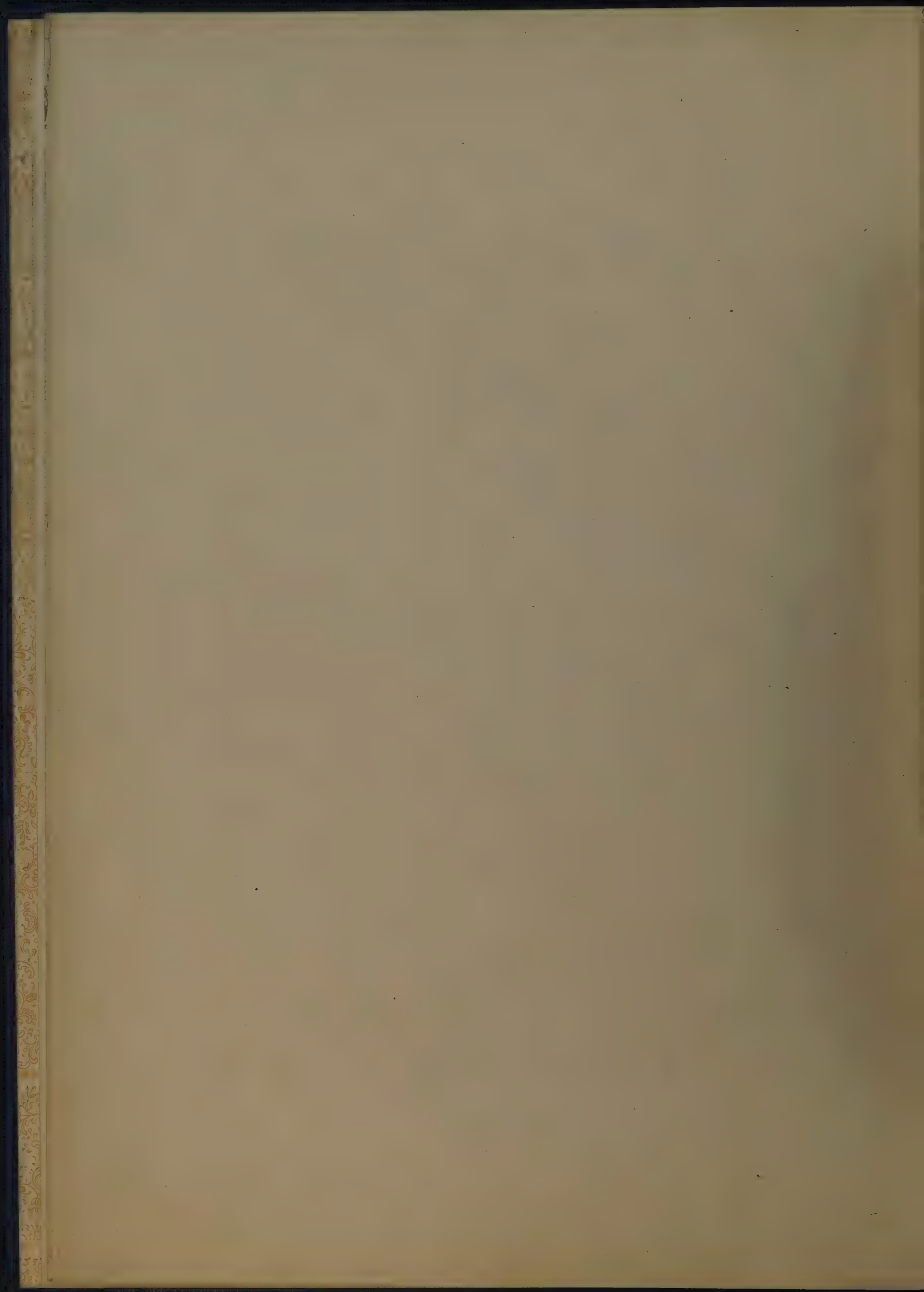
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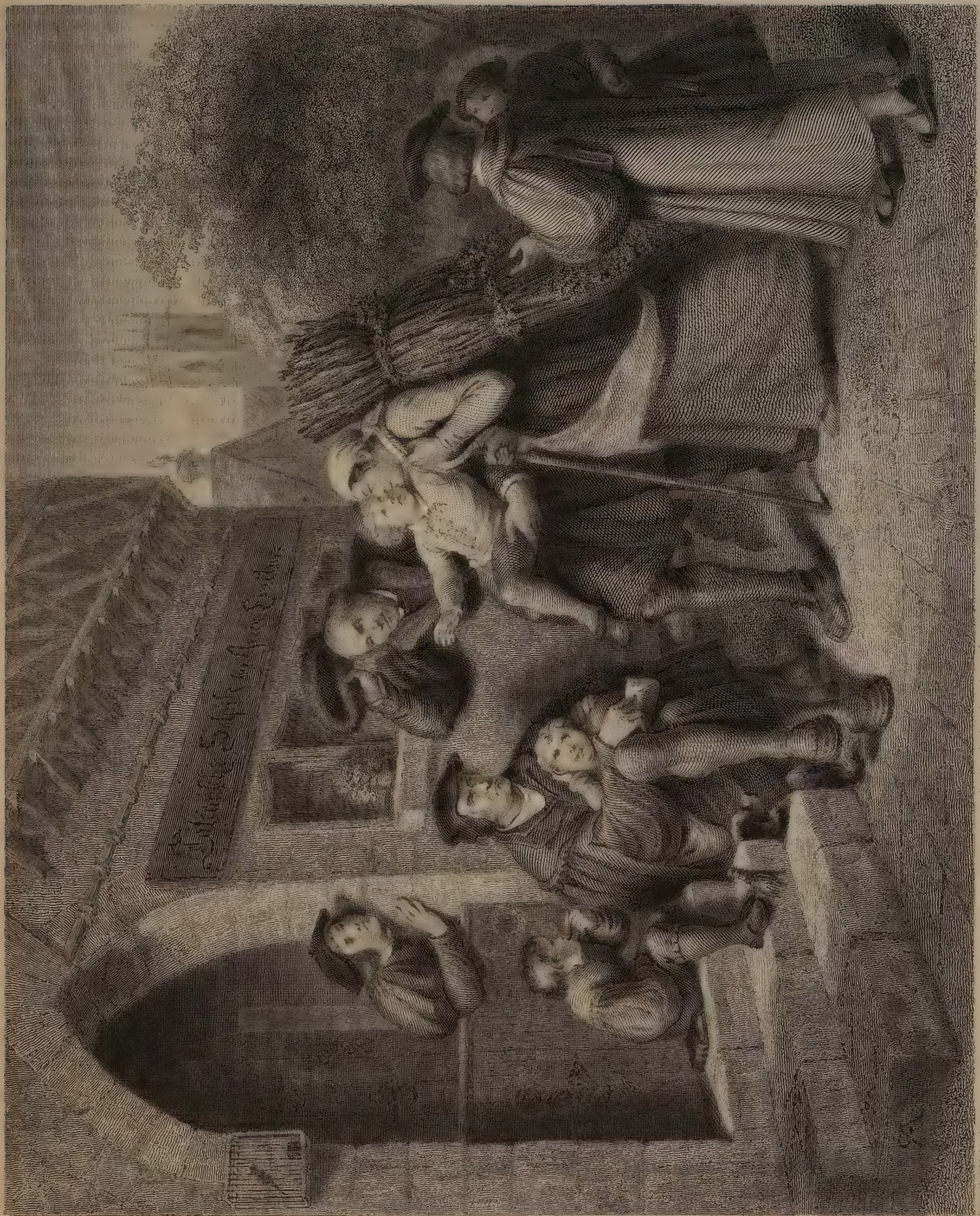
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1546.

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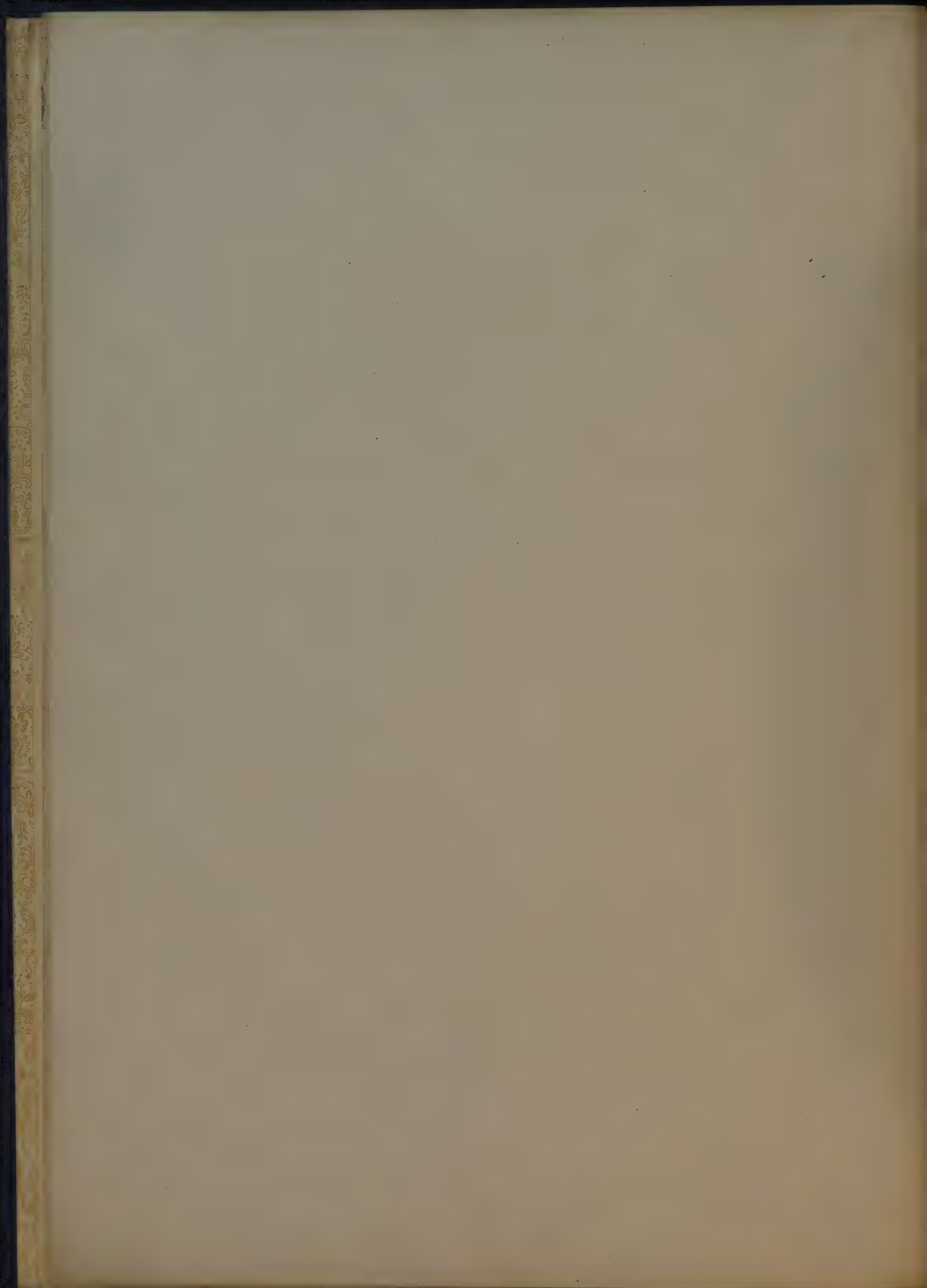
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London: Published under the authority of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 1743.



THE SCHOOL.

(The Scene takes place before the Mansfeld Grammar School.)

1488—1497.

SCHOOLBOYS—SCHOOLMASTER—JOHN LUTHER CARRYING HIS SON MARTIN—HIS
WIFE MARGARET LUTHER, ETC.*

ABOUT the year 1488, a woodman was busy cutting wood in the mountains of Mansfeld. This man, whose name was John Luther, was a hardy labourer, his wife Margaret gave him a helping hand, and a lad four or five years old was playing about them, striving also to make up a small bundle of sticks. John was poor, of a firm, open, and upright character, passionately fond of reading, and of a more enlightened mind than people of his standing in life usually are. God had blessed his work, and at a later period he established in Mansfeld two iron-smelting furnaces. Margaret, chaste, honest, and pious, derived as much comfort from prayer as her husband found pleasure in reading. "Take Margaret as your example," the matronly dames of the place used to say to the young women. Young Martin was born at Eisleben on the 10th November, 1483, and his father, kneeling before the cradle where the child slept, used often to exclaim: "O God, grant that he may become a real Luther in thy Church!" (*Lauterer*, a refiner).

The sun having gone down, and darkness beginning to spread over the forest, "Let us hie home," said Margaret; but John, carrying his firmness of character to obstinacy, would not leave off work before the night closed in. "We must put that child to school," said he to his wife, as they were wending their steps homewards; "I wish him to become a learned man!" Margaret used to suffer from her husband's harshness towards the boy, who was violent and self-willed, but of an amiable and affectionate disposition; and oftentimes had she opened her maternal arms to him, and wiped off his tears; she therefore resigned herself to the separation. On reaching their poor

* The persons are mentioned in the situation they occupy in the engraving, beginning at the left-hand side.

dwelling, the parents prayed with Martin, as they were wont to do, and strove to inspire him with the fear of God.

Next morning they all rose early, and little Martin, whom his mother had told, on putting him to bed, that he was going to school, was the first to wake up. "Take a load of wood for the master," said John to his wife, "and I will take the boy." Although John was severe, yet had he a tender heart, and even later he took pleasure in carrying Martin to school. The father walked with a firm step, the child clapped his hands, and the mother followed, heaving bitter sighs. "They say that George Emilius the school-master is so harsh," whispered she at last to her husband. "The only way to bring children up properly," answered John, "is by fear and chastisement."

School had not yet begun, and the master was sitting on a stone bench in front of his house, one of his own children leaning on his lap. John doffed his cap respectfully, and informed him that he had brought his son. George Emilius, without condescending to rise, or to return the bow, cast a severe glance on the child, wishing at once to inspire him with awe and respect; and young Martin, intimidated, turned towards his good mother, who came forward to kiss him, letting a tear drop down her cheek.

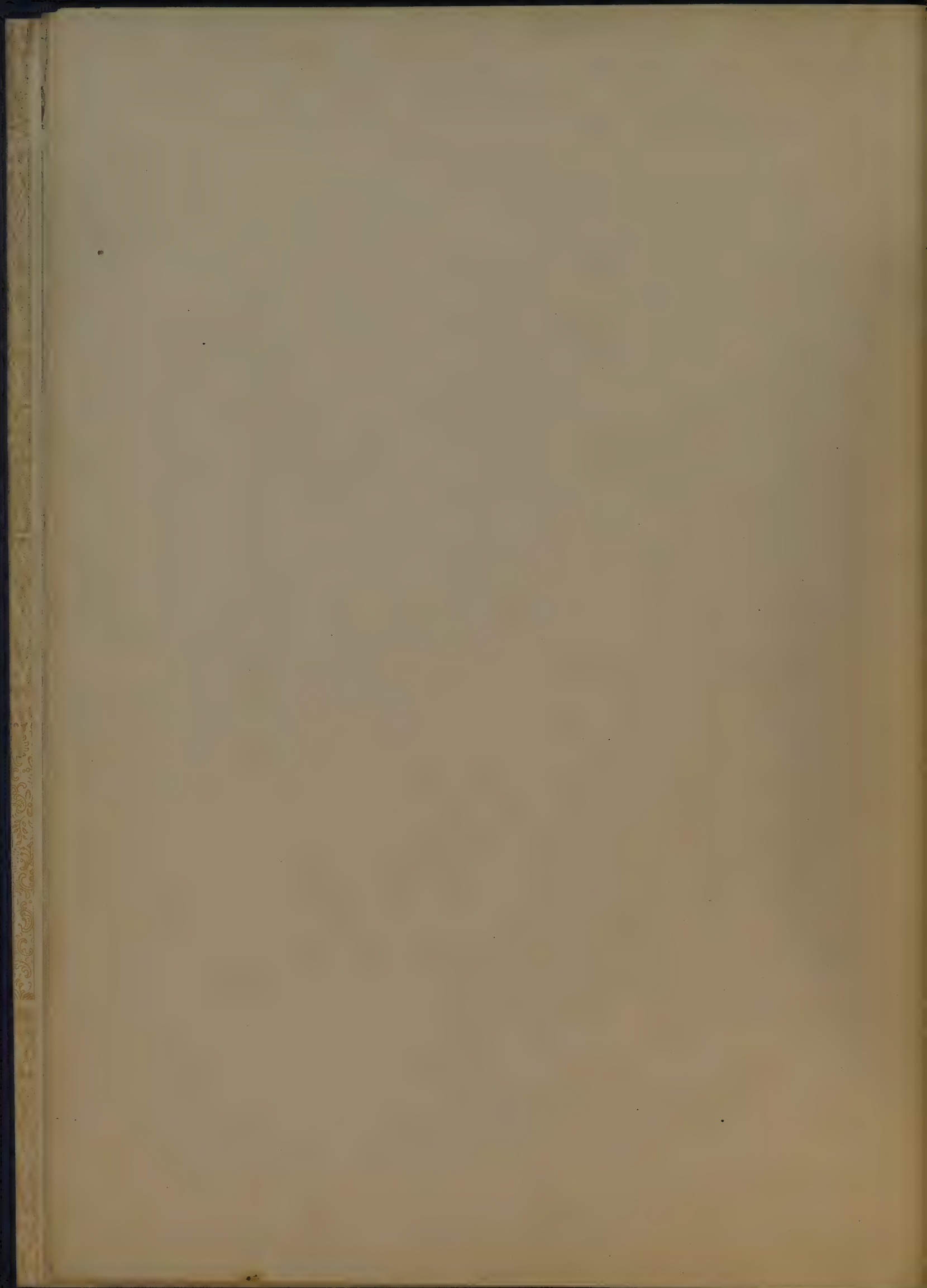
Martin remained at school in Mansfeld until he had attained his fourteenth year, giving himself much pains with but little profit. Later he worried himself considerably on questions of tenses and cases, *temporalibus et casualibus*, as he used to say, but could not succeed in getting them into his head. George Emilius would storm, threaten, and chastise him for the least fault: once the poor boy was whipped no less than fifteen times in the same forenoon. His parents had likewise used the rod with him, but at the same time they loved him, whereas at school he met with nothing but blows and scolding.

The more he grew, the more his independent nature revolted against this rod-rule. "The master is a tyrant," said he to his mother sometimes, "school is a hell!" All his mother's tenderness was requisite to induce him to return thither. The master never spoke of the Lord but as an angry judge, so that when the child heard the name of Jesus Christ, he grew pale with dread. Fear was, at that time, Luther's only religious feeling. At school he learnt the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, Donatus's Latin grammar, the *Cisio Janus*, and more especially some Christian canticles; and these sacred songs, which he delighted in, often soothed him in his afflictions.

But Luther's severe education bore still better fruit; at a later period he felt deeply the necessity of increasing the number of schools, and of bettering them. The time he spent in George Emilius's house had thus great influence

on the work of the Reformation; the increase and the dissemination of human knowledge became one of the principles of that great renovation of the sixteenth century. "Schools are far better than councils," the Reformer used to say; and in 1524, when addressing the counsellors of all the Imperial cities, he exclaimed: "O Germans! you spend so much money yearly for roads, dykes, and crossbows, why cannot you spend a little in giving schoolmasters to the children of the poor?" In a short time Germany and the neighbouring countries were covered with schools, the chief purport of which was to lead children to the knowledge of Jesus.

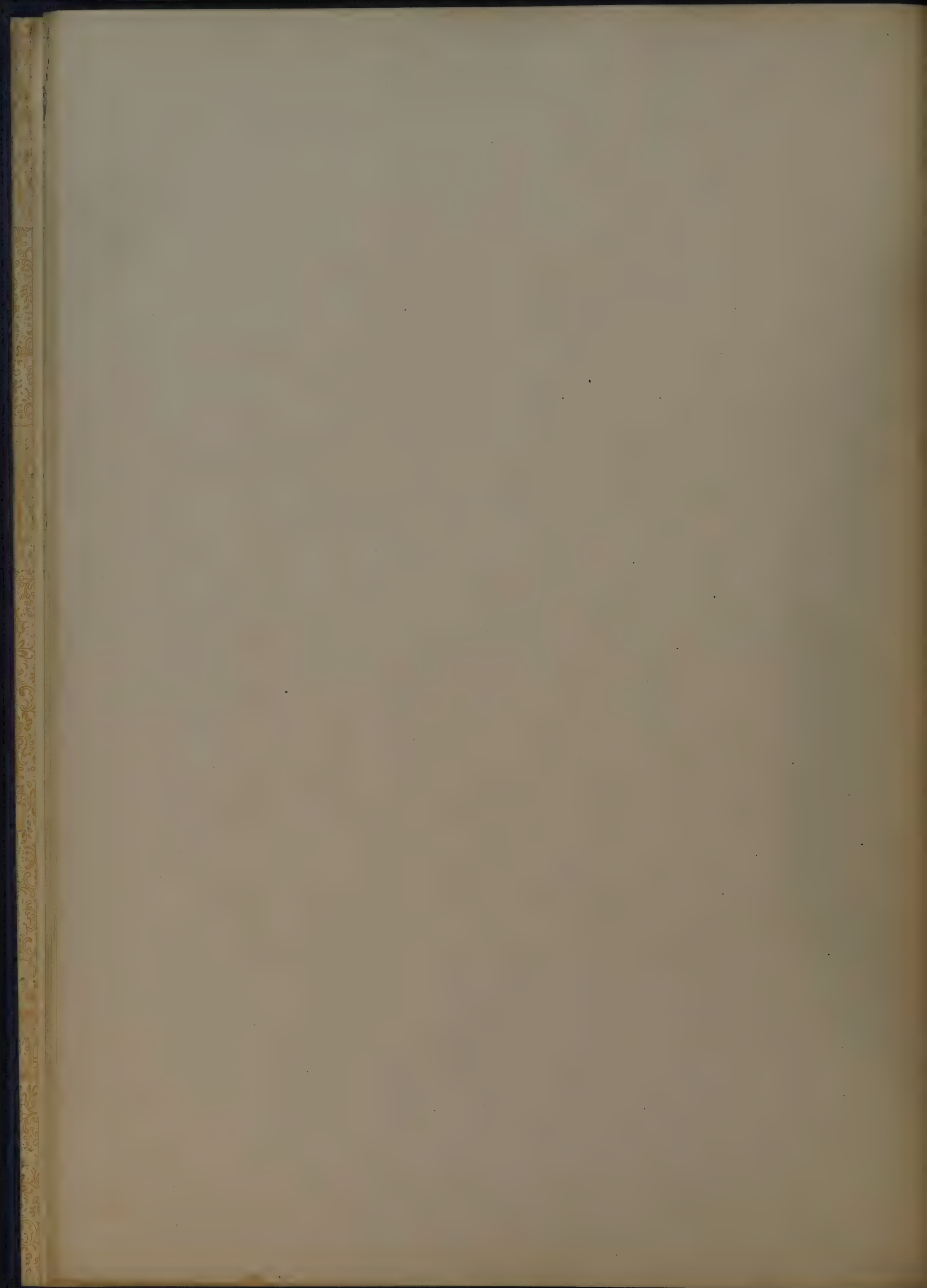
This was the admirable work of the poor schoolboy of Mansfeld. To the wise and mighty of the age, who used to ask how the future improvement of humanity was to be prepared, Martin Luther made the following simple reply: "INSTRUCT THE PEOPLE AND GIVE THEM THE GOSPEL."





POVERTY

FROM ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, LONDON.



POVERTY.

(Scene : St. George's Square, Eisenach.)

1498.

SCHOLARS SINGING FOR BREAD BEFORE THE HOUSES — AMONG THEM MARTIN LUTHER, BETWEEN THE AGE OF FOURTEEN AND FIFTEEN YEARS — URSULA COTTA—MEMBERS OF HER HOUSEHOLD.

ABOUT the year 1498, Martin Luther, then nearly fifteen years old, arrived in Thuringia, whither his father had sent him. He had left the Mansfeld school, and passed a year in that of Magdeburg. The reputation it had acquired under the celebrated Tribonius now attracted him to the grammar-school of Eisenach; besides which, John Luther, having some relatives in that town, had hoped that they would provide for the boy's wants. This hope was not realized; and Martin, impelled by hunger, was forced to join the other scholars, who were in the habit of singing hymns in the streets, in order to obtain *panem propter Deum* (bread for the love of God).

One day these children, at the beginning of their hungry labour, stopped before a house and sang, as was their habit. Being turned away, they moved on, singing as they went. "Be off with you!" was their coarse greeting; and tears fell from Martin's eyes. Yet he was not discouraged; he stopped before a third house, and selected his sweetest hymn. His fine alto voice combined well with the voices of his friends, and a strain full of harmony arose, begging bread of the wealthy inhabitants of the house. The song ended, yet nobody appeared. Upon this, Martin timidly went up and knocked at the door. "Idler! beggar! vagabond!"—this was all the alms they gave him. They refused a crust of bread to him who was destined ere long to become the benefactor of Germany and of the world.

The poor boy shrunk back affrighted: his heart was wrung with grief; and he withdrew, a prey to shame and sorrow. "What!" said he mournfully to himself; "are we to be despised because we sing for bread? Have not many great doctors and gentlemen begun like us?" And then he added bitterly: "Must I give up my studies, return to my father's, and work in the mines at Mansfeld?"

The unfortunate Martin was indulging in these gloomy reflections in St. George's Square, in front of a house of good appearance, inhabited by Ursula Cotta, a pious and wealthy woman, daughter of the rich burgomaster of

Ilefeld. When she heard the distant voices of the students, she had approached the window, and witnessed the repeated humiliations inflicted on the poor boy. The scholar's beautiful voice and fervent prayers had long since attracted her attention at church, and she had seen with interest young Martin come near her house. The latter, disheartened, was preparing to return home with empty pockets and heart bowed down with sorrow, when suddenly—oh, what joy! . . . he can scarcely believe his eyes . . . a door opens, a lady dressed in an elegant costume, according to the fashion of the times, appears on the threshold, descends the steps, and approaching him, says: "Come here, my boy; come into my house: I will give you some bread. . . . She set him down at her table, spoke to him in sympathizing tones, and a few days after, being received under her roof, the poor scholar saw his studies secured. From that hour Martin Luther prayed with more faith and studied with more ardour. The charity of this Christian woman had worked in him a great transformation. The school and his books had become dearer to him. He felt in his heart an inexpressible rapture. Sorrow had given place to joy, and in his leisure hours he practised on the flute and the lute. The chronicle of Eisenach calls Ursula *the pious Shunamite*, in remembrance of that rich woman of Shunem who constrained the prophet Elisha to enter her house (2 *Kings*, iv.); and Martin himself, thinking of his adoptive mother, gave utterance in after-years to the beautiful thought: "There is nothing on earth sweeter than the heart of a pious woman."

Such was Luther's poverty. "What is destined to grow great must begin small," says Mathesius, his disciple and biographer. This is one of the rules of God's government. Jacob, the patriarch of Israel, was once a young shepherd, who crossed the Jordan with his staff; and Christianity began in a cradle. Must not the man, the elect of the Lord in the sixteenth century to restore to the Church the incomprehensible riches of His Word, be poor as the Saviour Himself? Luther, reflecting on the misery and privations of every kind to which so many children, and particularly so many students, were at that time exposed, acknowledged how wholesome was this discipline of God. "The children of the rich," he said, "are proud, presumptuous, and imagine they have no need to learn; but the children of the poor work with the sweat of their brow; and as they have nothing from which they can derive glory, they learn to trust in God alone. Therefore God bestows on them good heads, and makes them capable hereafter of giving lessons to princes, kings, and emperors." Luther was destined to be a striking example of this truth.

Eisenach was the Bethlehem of the Reformation.



Engraved by J. W. M. W. Turner

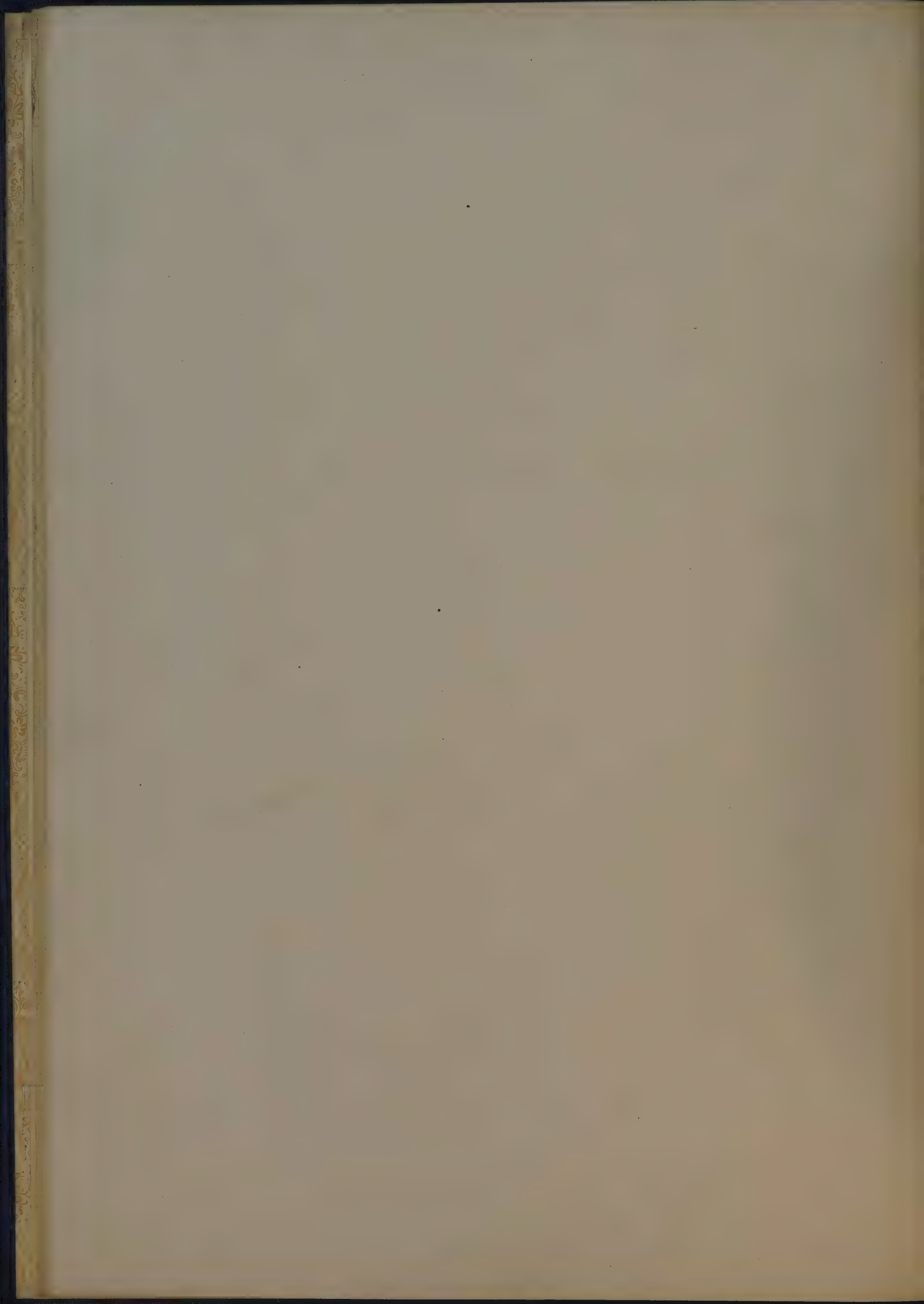
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Printed by J. W. M. W. Turner

THE END OF THE WORLD

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THE BIBLE.

(Scene : the University Library at Erfurth.*)

1503.

PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS READING—DOCTOR *JODOCUS*, SURNAMED *OF EISENACH*, RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY, PROFESSOR, AND SUBSEQUENTLY LUTHER'S OPPONENT, DIED 1519†—*MARTIN LUTHER*, ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE, ENGAGED HITHERTO IN THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND SCHOOLMEN—*GEORGE SPALATIN*, A FRIEND OF LUTHER'S, AFTERWARDS CHAPLAIN TO THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY, AND TUTOR TO HIS SON JOHN FREDERICK—*ALEXIS* AND ANOTHER STUDENT.

MARTIN LUTHER had been studying for two years at Erfurth University, when one morning, after his usual prayer ("to pray well," he said, "is the best half of work"), he had gone to church, and thence, according to custom, had repaired to the university library, where he used to spend the time he did not devote to the lectures of the professors. He had a passion for books, and desired to *know the good ones*, says Mathesius. But books were rare then, and it was only in the library that the young student could allay his thirst.

Martin Luther, having entered the hall, went to the shelves, took down a book, laid it on a table, took another, and after thus opening several volumes, placed his hands on a large Latin folio. He opened it and read the title . . . BIBLIA SACRA . . . "Ha!" he exclaimed, with surprise, "here is a book I have never seen in my life! I did not even know of its existence!" He sat down at the table, round which some of his friends were gathered, and turned over the volume. . . He knew nothing of the Holy Scriptures beyond the fragments of the Epistles and Gospels read in the churches. What was his surprise at seeing many chapters and books of which he had never heard! With joy unutterable he scans these pages from God. . . He stops at the Old Testament, with which he is less familiar than the New, and is attracted by a touching history, that reminds him of his pious mother,—it was the story of Hannah and the infant Samuel. He reads: *I have lent this child to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.* "And I, too," he thinks, "desire to be lent to the Lord!" He reads on: *And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour with the Lord.*—And he adds: "Would that I too could grow in Thy favour to serve Thee as long as I live!" A new world opened before him. . . He felt that inexpressible charm which his translation was one day to

* From a drawing taken on the spot.

† The presence of Jodocus, Spalatin, and Alexis, is not an historical fact, but the artist exercises his right in supposing it.

impart to his countrymen. A hidden treasure was suddenly laid before his eyes: he held in his trembling hands all the words of heaven. . . The Bible! the Bible! . . . Martin Luther had found the Bible. . . Tears started to his eyes, and those around looked at him with astonishment.

Yet he must quit the library: the clocks of Erfurth have struck the hour of lecture. Martin would have desired to read the book of Samuel through; but duty called him away. He closed the precious volume with a sigh, and exclaimed from his heart: "O God, most merciful, hear my prayer, and give me the grace one day to possess that book!" He rose, restored the *Biblia Sacra* to its shelf, with a silent promise to return to it, and hastened to the lectures.

Martin Luther immediately spoke of his great discovery to his friends. From that hour the Word of God became the mainspring of his life, the object of his studies, the strength of his heart, and the dearest of his pleasures. One day, when a law-student was presented to him, who, not troubling himself about the theories of the jurists, kept to the fundamental documents of jurisprudence, and carefully studied the *Institutiones juris*, Luther observed: "He who knows the text of the law thoroughly will never go wrong. We must do the same, study the text of the Bible, and not busy ourselves so much with systems and commentaries. At the spring-head we find the purest water, and we see better with our own eyes than with another's."—"The Bible," he said one day, "is at the head of all science, and should sit as a queen over all our schools and universities."

The Holy Scriptures, the authority of God in his Word, became the principle from which proceeded the great revival of the church. This same Martin Luther said, in 1519, after the famous Leipsic discussion: "We cannot constrain a Christian to believe anything, except by Holy Scripture, which is the divine law." In 1521, before the diet of Worms, he wrote to Charles V.: "I am ready to accept your judgment, without any reserve, save only the Word of God, which must be set above all." And somewhat later, speaking of the mysteries of the faith, he exclaimed: "I have seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing,—but because God says it, I *will* believe that it is so, and obey his Word!"

Thus speaks Martin Luther of the Holy Scriptures which he had discovered in the Erfurth library. With pious hand he uplifts them and presents them boldly to his age. Before them, human traditions fall as Dagon before the ark of the Lord; and the light from on high, which darts from its sacred pages, enlightens those sitting in darkness, and leads them in the way of peace.

All the Reformation was contained in that Bible.



Engraved by J. Alcock

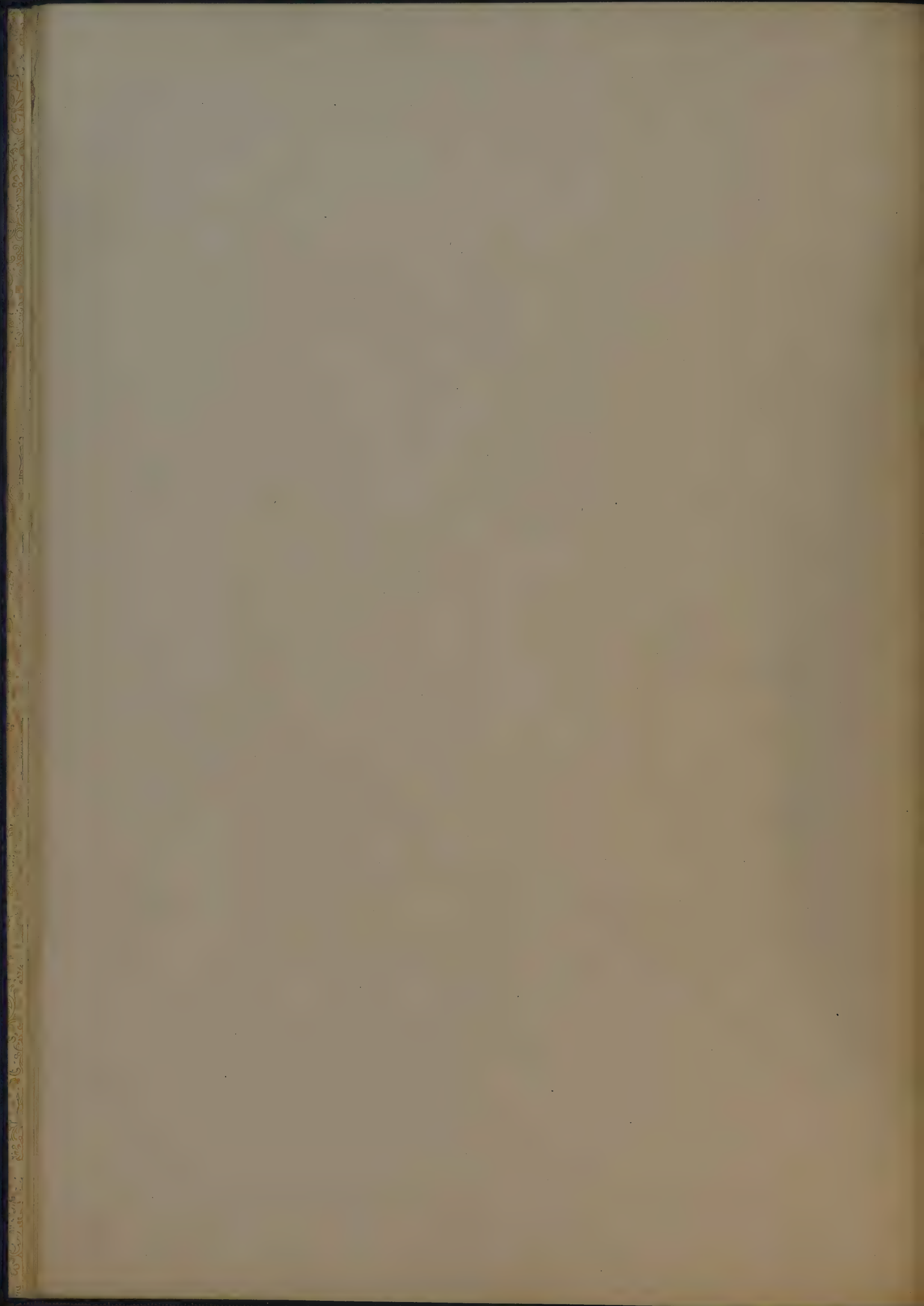
London: Published October 24th 1862 by J. & S. Adlington, 10, St. Martin's Lane.

Engraved by J. Alcock

THE CALL FROM GOD

ISSUED AT THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, ERFURT

1866



THE CALL FROM GOD.

(Scene : The Gate of the University Library, Erfurth.)

1505.

ALEXIS DYING—LUTHER AND OTHERS.

IN 1505 Luther took his master's degree in the University of Erfurth, then the most celebrated in Germany; and, according to custom, the students, with lighted torches, went in procession, to do homage to the new doctor. The latter was preparing to study the law, in compliance with the wishes of his father, who hoped one day to see his son sitting among the judges; but God, who had elected the young man, in the bosom of his mother, to accomplish a great work in his Church, called him ere long by one of those unexpected events which impress an entirely new direction on our lives.

While Luther was thinking of his future career, or preparing his lessons on the Physics and Ethics of Aristotle, an inward voice would often suggest to him that piety was the one thing needful, and that before all things a man should be sure of his salvation: "Am I saved?" he anxiously asked himself; "am I sure of the divine favour?" . . . And his conscience answered, "No!"

Among his college friends was one named Alexis, a youth of frivolous but amiable character, to whom he was closely attached. They used often to walk out together in the neighbourhood of Erfurth, and, sitting under a tree, beguile the evening in long and pleasant talk. Friendship at this time exerted over Luther's heart that inexpressible charm common to his age, and the two young men, full of enthusiasm, formed the plan of never separating.

One morning, while Luther was in the University library, a student entered hastily, and told him that Alexis had been assassinated. He quitted his books in alarm, and hurried to the spot where the tragic event had taken place. . . . A crowd of townspeople, women, and soldiers was already collected about the body, and giving utterance to exclamations of grief and alarm. "Unhappy youth!—and so young, too!" they said; and a poor man on his knees was already commending the soul of the dying youth to God. Luther, making his way through the crowd, fell on Alexis, and pressed him to his heart.

He still gave signs of life. Martin, trembling with emotion, supported his dying head, and exclaimed, "O God! have mercy . . . save him . . . spare me this great grief! Hear me; I cry to thee from the depths of the abyss." All his cares were unavailing: Alexis breathed his last in his friend's arms. He was taken to the room he had once occupied, and the heartbroken Luther would not leave him.

"Alas!" said he, "he thought so little about death; he was so ill-prepared to stand before his Judge!" The juvenile doctor remembered his friend's frivolity, his idle words, the faults of his youth; and recollecting that the Lord deals heavy blows on those who refuse to obey Him, he fell on his knees and burst into tears. Then suddenly he uprose in alarm at the memory of his own sins. "O God!" he cried, "thou hast shown me a terrible example of thy vengeance. . . . I hear the sound of thy judgments. . . . And me . . . when wilt thou strike me? Alas! I am not more prepared than he! . . . Mercy! yet a few days more! Give me time to repent! Stay, stay! . . ." Then, his strength forsaking him, he fell insensible by the dead body of Alexis. When he revived, he was humbled, but more calm. "I have passed," he said, "through the bitterness of death. . . . I fancied I was going down to the grave. . . . O Alexis! must I live when you are no more? . . . No! I will live no longer in the world from which you have been taken. I must save myself; I will become a monk.—Farewell, pleasing companions of my youth! Farewell, those talks so full of charms! Farewell, ye cheerful songs, sweet studies, dreams of life, power, honour, riches. . . . Farewell! Thou, Lord, callest me; Here I am! Heaven is all I ask!"

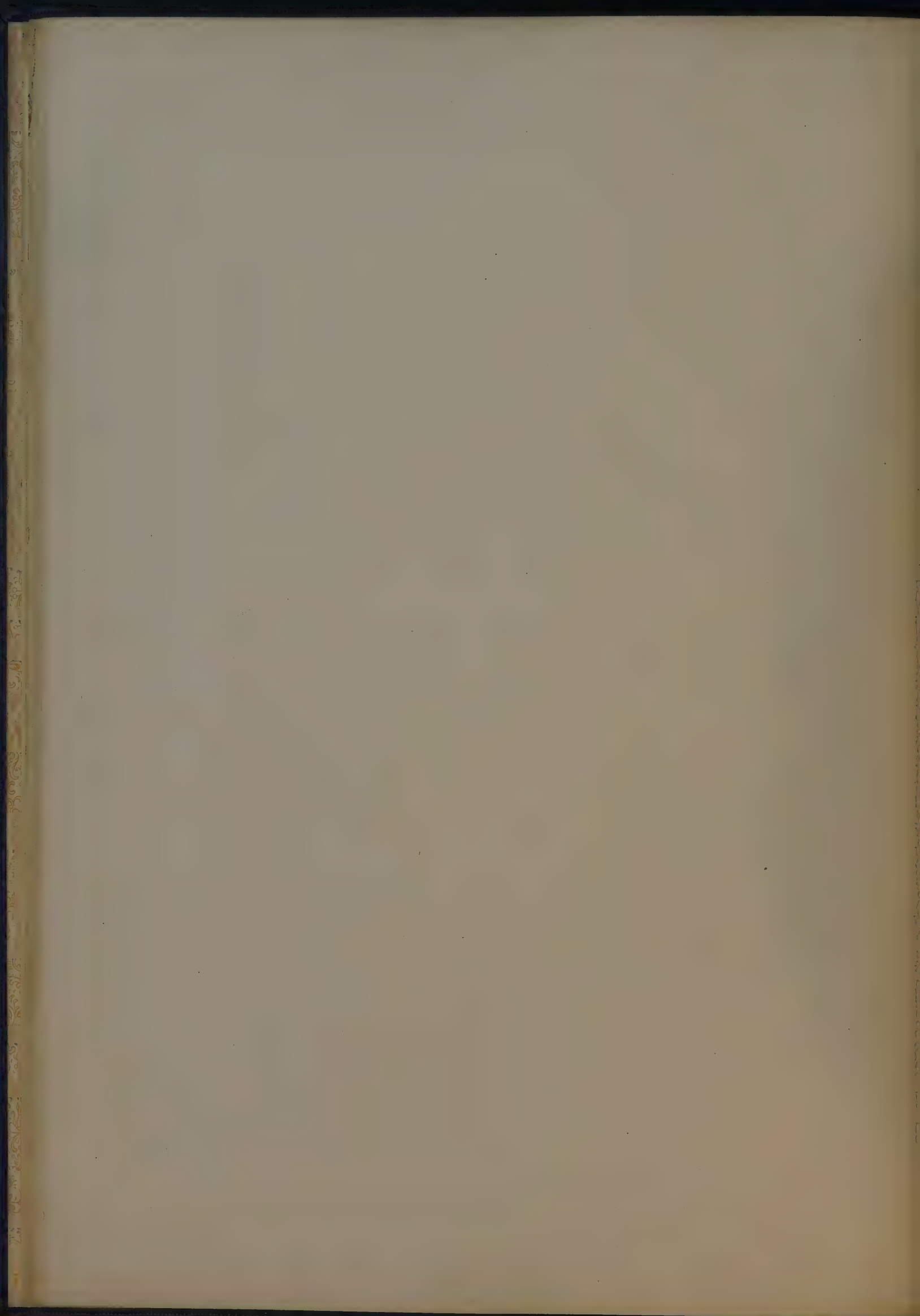
Thus Luther lost his life, to use the language of the Gospel, and by losing, saved it. The first step was taken, and it was one destined to bring about the enfranchisement of the Church.



HUMILIATION

SCENE OUT OF THE AUGUSTINE MONASTERY AT LUREN

AUGUST, 1833



HUMILIATION.

(Scene : Gate of the Augustine Monastery at Erfurth.)

AUTUMN, 1505.

IN the autumn of 1505, at break of day, a monk was sweeping out the church of the Augustine monastery at Erfurth, and removing carefully into the street the rubbish he had collected. This monk, a master of arts in the university, who had taught the Physics and Ethics of Aristotle and other branches of philosophy, and who was now employed in the most menial tasks, was Luther. From time to time poor Martin stopped to take breath, for this unusual labour exhausted his strength, now debilitated by poor food and constant vigils. Meanwhile he gave way to gloomy reflections: "What toil!" thought he; "what humiliation! And yet, what are these in comparison with the grief I feel at my father's anger!" The elder Luther, vexed that his son had abandoned an honourable career to become a monk, had written to say that he withdrew all his favour, and banished him from his paternal affection.

Martin, pale, motionless, and bowed down with sorrow, let fall a tear on his father's letter which he held in his hand, when, suddenly, the harsh voice of a monk, exclaiming, "Idler, to your work!" aroused him with a start. He concealed the letter hastily, caught up his broom, and crushing a feeling of pride, completed his sorrowful task. "That is good for me," he said to himself; "my pride must be brought down . . . destroyed. . . . Was not it what I sought in entering the cloister? . . . I would become a holy man, and where can I succeed, if not here?" Having finished, he wound up the clock, and opened the church-door to the worshippers who desired to offer their prayers to God. He then withdrew into his low and narrow cell to give himself up to prayer or study. This did not suit the monks.

The Augustine friars had joyfully welcomed Luther; their vanity had been flattered by seeing a learned doctor forsake the university for their cloister; but inflated with that pride and obstinacy which are the offspring of ignorance, and fearing lest the young professor should imagine that his learning raised him above them, they had taken pleasure in treating him harshly and setting him about the meanest occupations.—Luther had scarcely entered his cell, when, hearing hasty footsteps, he threw away the book on which he was meditating. A monk opened the door rudely, and guessing at the poor brother's occupation, said to him: "This is how you waste your time? Come, come; all is not cleaned up yet: there is the refectory, and the corridor, and the court, and

other places besides . . . *loca immunda purgare*. Then you will draw the water . . . and chop the wood. . . Do you think we tolerate idlers in the cloister?" . . . Luther, ever submissive, returned humbly to his work, took his hatchet to cut the wood, and looked for the pails to carry the water to the kitchen. "Yes," said he, checking himself, "I desire to learn humility. In the world, if any one is a burgomaster, he desires to become a count; the count, to be a prince; the prince, a king; and the king, emperor; but I would desire to be the servant of all, to be insulted and despised!"

Having ended his work, he stealthily approached a Latin Bible, fastened to a chain, which he had found in the convent. He read and tried to understand it; but the friars soon discovered him. "If we allow him to do this," thought they, "he will become so learned, that he will want to be our master. *Ergo saccum per nackum* :* Let him take up his wallet!" and tearing him from his meditations: "Come, come," they said, "not so much study! All a monk needs know is to read the prayers. It is not necessary to understand them: the devil understands them, and flies away when he hears them. Learning and the fine arts are of no use. A man is useful to the cloister, not by studying, but by begging bread, corn, eggs, fish, meat, and money." Then one of the monks placed the sack on his shoulder, and the prior, taking him to the gate, said, with a consequential air and commanding voice: "*Cum sacco per civitatem!* With your wallet through the town!"

Luther moved slowly away, and prepared to go through the streets of Erfurth. He had to beg from house to house, to knock at the doors of those who had been his friends, and even his inferiors. This public humiliation seemed harder to him than what he endured in the cloister; but he took courage. "O Jesus," said he, "Thou who wast God, didst humble Thyself to become a man, a servant, even to the cross: it should be an easy thing for me . . . for me, a doctor . . . to become a verger, domestic, scavenger, and even a mendicant!" He walked forward, stretching out his hand: one poor woman gave him a herring, another an egg; a beggar gave him a share of the bread he had received; a professor, one of his old colleagues, threw him a piece of money; some of his pupils passed him with a sneer or a whistle; and Luther returned with his burden to the convent to undergo fresh humiliations.

He who humbleth himself shall be exalted, is one of the rules of God's government. When the Son of God came upon earth, He was willing to be born in a stable. If the Reformation was hereafter to become great before God, it was requisite that it also should begin with the mean things of this life. Through dishonour to glory!

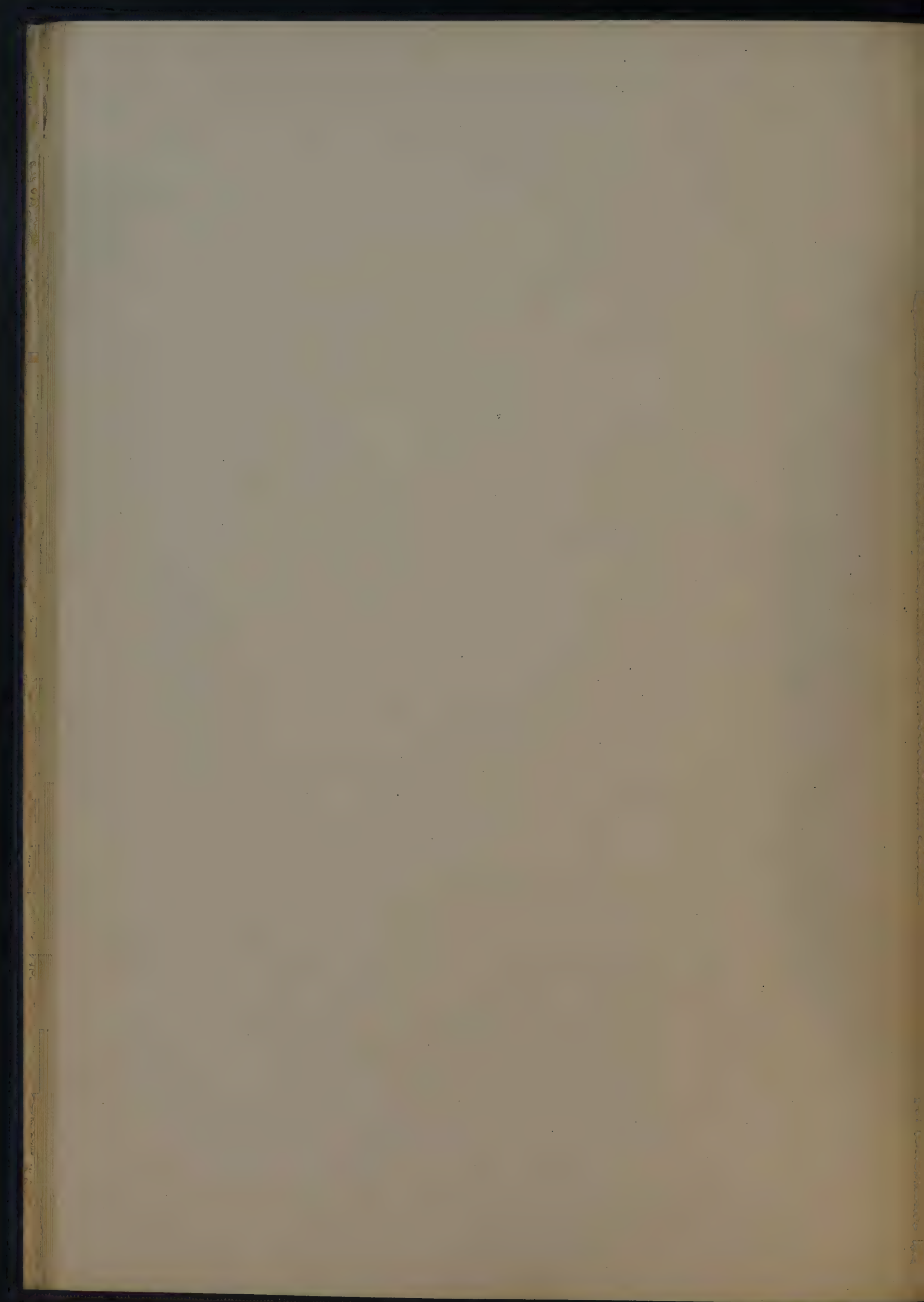
* Luth. pp. xxii., p. 1457. *Nackum* (nacken), a German word, to which the monks gave a Latin termination.



THE INDULGENCES, OR THE NINETY FIVE PROPOSITIONS

SCENE IN FRONT OF ALL SAINTS CHURCH, KENTMERE.

1671.



THE INDULGENCES; OR, THE NINETY-FIVE PROPOSITIONS.

31st OCTOBER, 1517.

(Scene : In front of All Saints' Church, Wittenberg.)

ONE day, in the autumn of 1517, Luther was in the confessional at Wittenberg; for if he was inwardly a new man, outwardly he wore the robes and discharged the functions of a monk. Burghers and mechanics, men and women, holding papers in their hands, knelt down before him and whispered their sins in his ear,—accusing themselves, one of theft, another of usury, a third of unchastity. To all he enjoined a renunciation of their vices, but the penitents refused; and in justification of their refusal, showed him the letters of indulgence which they had bought and paid for.

The doctor took the letters, and read them. He was horrified; and starting from his seat threw from him the vile papers, and exclaimed, with threatening voice to these unrepentant Christians,—“*Except ye repent, ye shall all perish!*”

The astounded penitents hastened to Juterbach, a distance of four German miles from Wittenberg, where a famous merchant was then staying, who had been selling indulgences all over Germany. Tetzel (for that was his name) was in the pulpit, and with stentorian voice shouting to the people who crowded the church: “For twelve groats you can have a plenary remission of all your sins, of all your penalties. Buy! Buy! Buy!” The Wittenberg folks waited until he came down from the pulpit, and then told him of Luther’s refusal. Tetzel, red with anger, cursed the bold doctor; and lighting a fire in the great square, declared that he would burn every heretic who should dare say a word against his famous indulgences.

Meanwhile, Luther had shut himself up in his cell at Wittenberg, and begun to reflect. He was but a little wretched monk, without power; but this puny man was on his knees before God, and was about to become the salt of the earth, such as man had never been since the days of Saint Paul. “A monstrous traffic in the church,” said he to himself, “presumes to take the place of redemption through Jesus Christ gave *Himself* for our

sins. It was not gold or silver,—it was not a man,—it was not all the angels it was *Himself* that he gave—Himself! without whom there is nothing great! And a wretched mountebank dares, with his bellowing voice, tender his abominable licences in the stead of Jesus Christ Well, well but, God willing, I'll make a hole in his drum.”

Luther stood for a few moments in deep thought, and motionless. He recalled the days when he had learnt to know Jesus Christ, and exclaimed: “I have found pardon; yes, I have found it—amid anguish and terror and groans, which sin forced from me. I found it by believing that Jesus Christ is the Saviour, even of those who are great, real sinners, and deserving utter condemnation I found it in the wounds of the Son of God; and from that hour my soul has been filled with a joy unknown before. I will proclaim to my people the true plenary indulgence of Jesus Christ.”

At these words Luther drew near the table, and began to write. He was excited—nay, agitated. He lay down his pen, got up, paced the room, and again sat down. Certain propositions issued one after another from his mind, as lightning flashes from a stormy cloud. On a sudden he stopped, and exclaimed with alarm: “What am I doing? Have I reflected upon the work I am about to undertake? I must be mad Is it not the archbishop of Mentz, and the great Pope Leo himself, that have these pardons sold? And who am I, a poor contemptible friar, more like a corpse than a man, to set myself against the majesty of the Pope, before whom tremble not only the kings of the earth and the whole world, but (if I may say so) both heaven and hell also?” For a moment he entertained the idea that, before attacking Tetzel, he ought to speak to Staupitz or Spalatin. Upon a second reflection he came to the conclusion that he ought to consult God alone.

He fell on his knees, and prayed earnestly. Then, rising, he opened the Bible, and read at the beginning of the discourses of John the Baptist, of Jesus Christ, and of the Apostles, these ever recurring words: *Be converted!* He hesitated no longer. “To the law and to the testimony,” he exclaimed, “we must obey the Scriptures.” He continued his labours; and when he had written down ninety-five propositions he stopped.

The festival of All Saints was approaching, a day of great importance to Wittemberg, and especially for the church which the Elector had built there and filled with relics. On the 31st of October, the eve of the feast, crowds of pilgrims began to flock together from all quarters, eager to obtain the indulgence promised to those who visited the church on that day and made confession there. “Now is the time,” said Luther. He took the propositions

which he had carefully written out, left the convent, and prepared to post them up. He little thought that by the deed he was about to do the whole world would be shaken. The monk, holding the papers in his hand, walked along as usual. On reaching the Castle church, he fastened to the door of that sanctuary the great indictment he had drawn up against the Papacy; but that evening the propositions excited very little attention.

On the morrow, the great day of the feast, Luther was at the university, prepared to defend his propositions as he had announced; but no one came forward to attack them. He returned to his cell, and leaning on the table, with his head in his hands, he exclaimed, sorrowfully: "Alas! this word will pass away, like so many others." Just as he was indulging in these reflections, a friend entered, saying,—“A great crowd is collected in front of the door of the Castle church, and everybody wants to read the propositions you have posted there. People are commenting on them—some attacking, some defending. Come and speak to them yourself.” Luther quitted the cell in haste.

It was a fine autumn evening. Monks and pilgrims, tradesmen and magistrates, knights and professors, soldiers, students, men, women, and even richly dressed courtiers, had crowded together in front of the church. In the morning the priests had brought out and exhibited the relics. Pilgrims had flocked thither to adore these precious remains, but ere long the priests were left alone. They were listening anxiously to an unusual noise from without, when a man rushed hurriedly into the church, and said: “All the city is in an uproar. There is a great crowd in the square, where they are reading some propositions which a monk has posted up. Come and see for yourselves.”

In fact, just as the priests and Luther came up from different quarters, a man was reading the propositions aloud. The noise of the multitude prevented the most distant spectators from hearing them all; but from time to time, in an interval of quiet, one of these propositions sounded over the crowd like a clap of thunder. “Silence!” exclaimed one of the listeners; and a voice was heard reading:—

When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ says, “Repent,” He wills the whole life of His followers here below to be a constant and continual repentance.

“The whole life!” said one. “Of a truth this is harder than buying a piece of paper.” For a few minutes the reader’s voice was drowned in the noise. At length it was heard again:—

The Pope cannot remit any condemnation, but only declare and confirm the remission that God Himself has granted. . . .

On hearing such language, which seemed to degrade the Holy Father, one of the nobles shut his fist, as if he would have struck Luther, and there was a confusion of voices; but the reader soon resumed:—

They preach mere human follies who pretend that the moment the money rattles in the strong-box the soul escapes out of purgatory.

At this there was a general laugh, and the reader continued:—

Every Christian who feels a true sorrow, a sincere repentance for his sins, has a plenary remission of his fault, even without an indulgence.

“What!” exclaimed many, “the conversion of the heart is enough for salvation!”—“Then what is the use of penance?” asked others.—“Of confessions?” interposed a second.—“Of priests,” added a third.—“This proposition demolishes the clergy,” said many; “it destroys the Church.”—“If such incendiary language is tolerated,” exclaimed a monk, “the edifice of the popedom, which has stood for so many ages, will be overthrown.” But the majority applauded the Reformer’s words. For a long interval nothing could be heard. At last the reader’s voice once more rose above the noise of the crowd:—

To trust to be saved by indulgences is vanity and lying, should even the indulgence-broker or the Pope himself pledge his soul to the truth.

“What blasphemy!” exclaimed one of the bystanders. “O tempora, O mores!” To which some retorted: “What the proposition says is quite true. God’s word is above the Pope’s word.” The reader continued:—

The true and precious treasure of the Church is the Holy Gospel of the glory and grace of God.

This proposition was received with loud cheers. “Yes, yes! true, true!” exclaimed many. “No, no! it is rank heresy!” said others. Upon this, Luther, feeling encouraged, advanced towards the opponents. Some magistrates and nobles laid before him their objections, and Luther had an answer for each. “I maintain,” said he, “the truth of all that is posted on the church door.”

Within a fortnight the propositions were known all over Germany; in a month they reached Rome, and every part of Christendom. They were read, and meditated, and commented upon by all; good and pious men were filled with joy. “Christ has been restored to us,” they said. “He who possesses Christ possesses all the riches that belong to Christ. What need, then, have we of indulgences?”—“I have caught the goose by the neck,” said Luther. “I have conquered the Pope.”

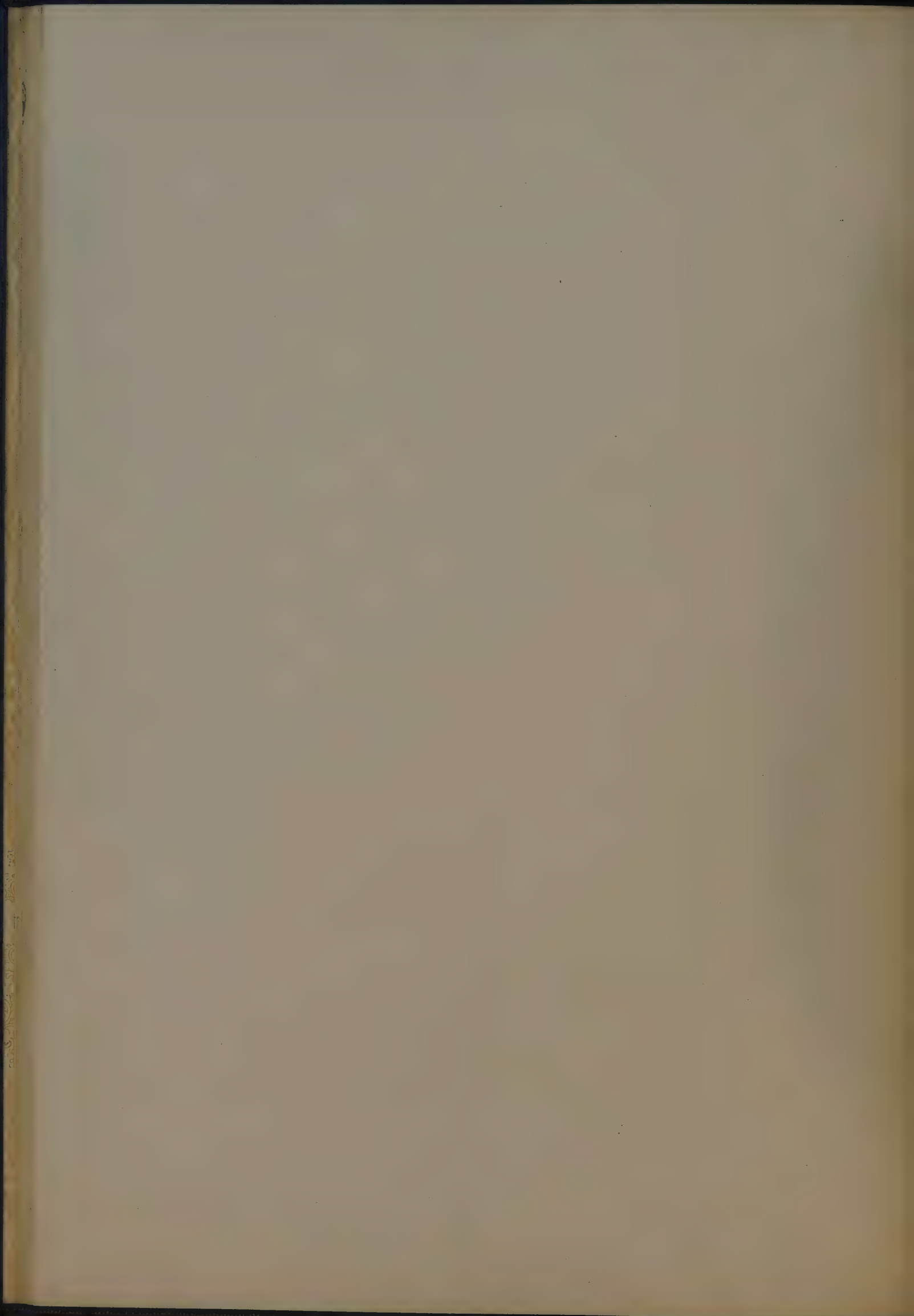
God had lighted a fire in the world that nothing could henceforth extinguish.



LUTHER BURNING THE POPE'S BULL

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LUTHER BURNING THE POPE'S BULL.

10TH DECEMBER, 1520.

(Scene : In front of the East Gate of Wittemberg.)

A GREAT agitation stirred all Wittemberg. People stopped each other in the streets, and talked of some important news. "The Pope," they said, "having called the Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints to his aid, has just condemned Luther's writings to be burnt."

They asked what the Pope had found to blame in the books of the great Doctor who charmed all those who heard him. "I can tell you," answered one better informed than the rest. "I have read the Bull. You will hardly believe it. The Pope condemns this passage : '*The best and sublimest penance is a new life.*' And this : '*To burn heretics is against the will of the Holy Ghost.*'" A shout of reprobation was raised against Rome. "And if Luther does not retract," continued the speaker, "the Pope curses and excommunicates him and his followers, and orders him to be sent to Rome." "To Rome?—I would not advise Luther to go," said a bystander; "they might burn him as well as his books!"

The indignation being general, all in Wittemberg set themselves in motion against the Bull: even the magistracy took part in it. "Come," said John of Taubenheim to the Burgomaster, "and let us take measures to prevent the execution of the Pope's orders." Placards were posted up against the excommunication. The students paraded the streets singing, at the top of their voices, songs against the Bull. A hundred and fifty young men, inflamed with anger, set out for Leipsic, in order to catch Dr. Eck, who had brought the famous document to Germany. "Take care," said Luther to them, as they were setting out; "I will not have him killed." The frightened nuncio took refuge in a convent.

Others made a jest of the matter, tossing the printed Bull into the river: "It's a Bull (*bulla*, bubble); let it swim." Then, as they watched it floating down the stream, they said, with a laugh: "It's a bubble now, sure enough."

At first Luther took it very good-humouredly. "It is an easy thing," said he, "to burn books: children can do that. Let them alone! I do not object." He appeared to slumber; but the lion roused himself at last.

One day the Reformer was alone in his cell, with the Bull before him. "Retract, or be excommunicated: that's the alternative Rome offers me," said he. "What shall I do? write against the Bull? That is not enough! Appeal to a general council? That is not enough!" And then he meditated in silence. Suddenly, as if a flash of lightning had passed through his mind, he exclaimed: "The Pope condemns my teaching—well, I will condemn the Pope. His Bull threatens me with the stake—well, I'll roast his Bull."

On the morning of the 10th of December a crowd of students had gathered round the black tablet, which, in accordance with a very old custom, was fastened to the university wall, and there they read these words:—"This day, at nine o'clock in the morning, the Antichristian Decretals will be burnt in front of the East Gate, near Holy Cross. Fail not to attend." This announcement spread like lightning. Professors, tradesmen, students, flocked thither; the crowd growing greater every minute. "Rome has lighted many a bonfire in the course of ages," they said. "Luther, it seems, is going to have his turn. Come along! it will be a fine sight."

But Luther was not so cheerful. He had reflected, and had felt terrors unknown before. "What!" thought he, "shall I, a poor man, attack this sovereign pontiff, at whose feet the Church has lain prostrate nearly ten centuries!" He took up the Bull to read it again, but his hand trembled, and his sight was clouded. "I cannot burn it," he exclaimed; "it is too much for me!" Then he prayed, and soon found in prayer a courage that could not be shaken. "I go!"

He reached the square just at nine o'clock. "Let us break the yoke of Rome," said he to his friends, "and submit to Jesus Christ alone. I reject the Pope as a heretic condemned by the Word of God, as an enemy of the Holy Scriptures, as a contemner, calumniator, and blasphemer of the Church, as an Antichrist! I am going to burn the Bull. Follow me!"

Then all began to march towards the appointed spot. They crossed the bridge over the town fosse, and went out of the city. Never had the right of God and of His Word been so present to the Reformer's soul, as at the moment when he was about to deny the right of the Pope. He walked with a firm step, his head uplifted, and his look determined: like an evangelical crusader marching to the deliverance of the Redeemer's sepulchre.

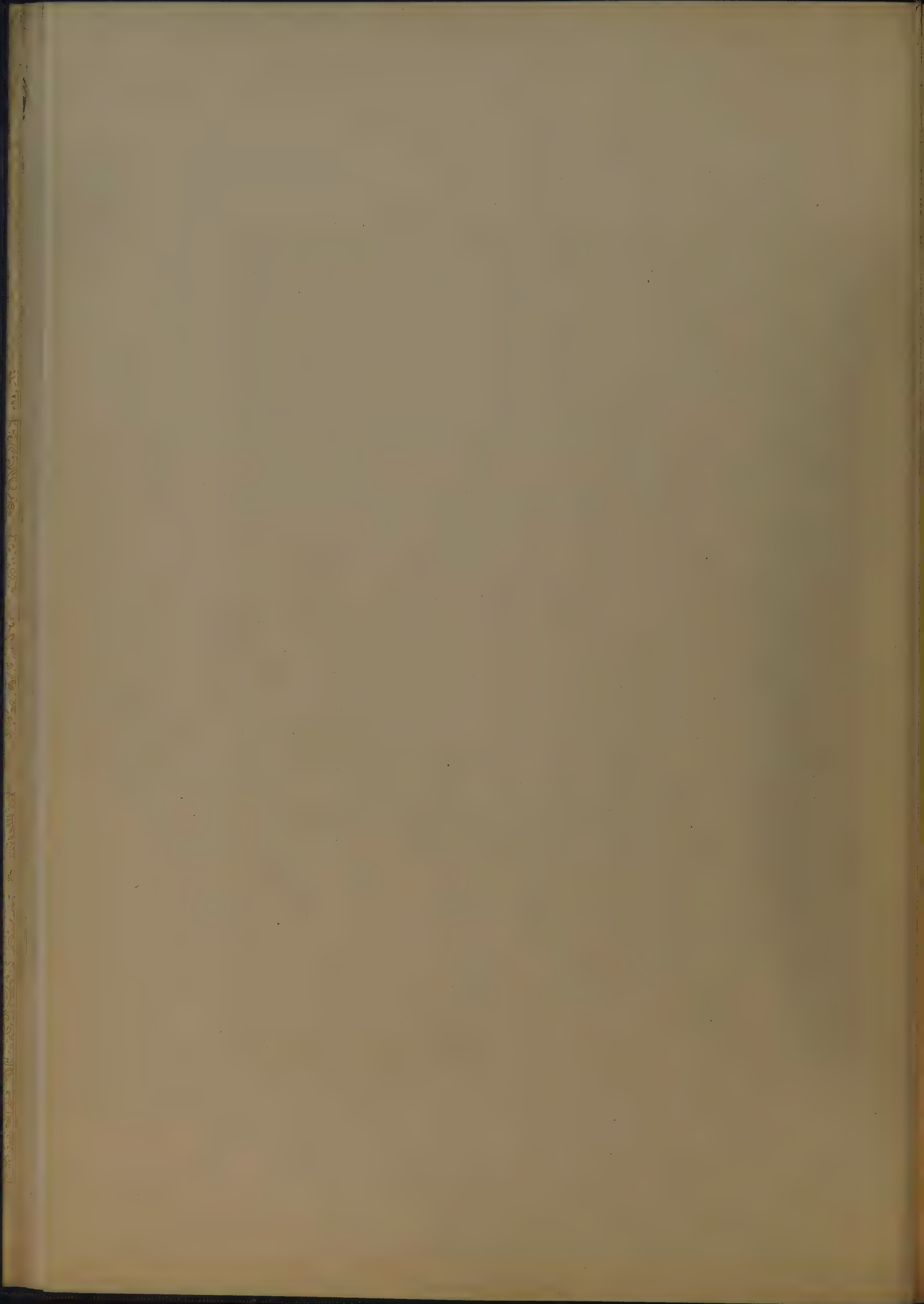
After passing the city gate, Luther turned to the left, towards an oak-tree, round which an immense concourse of people had gathered. Some students were preparing the pile; a master of arts, a great adversary of the Roman ordinances, boldly set fire to it: soon the wood crackled and the flames rose into the air. The Canon Laws, the Decretals, the Extravagants, the *Summa*

Evangelica, a few writings by Eck and by Emser, were thrown into the fire and consumed. The more zealous piled up the glowing embers; the more prudent looked on from a distance; the pious were filled with admiration; children asked the meaning of this singular sight, and the monks withdrew in anger. Then Luther stepped forward with a bold heart, holding in his hand the terrible Bull of Leo X., condemning him and his writings, and all eyes were turned on him. Slowly he lifted it up, held it a short time above the flames, then letting it fall into the roaring fire, he said, with a loud voice: "Since thou hast vexed the Holy One of the Lord, may everlasting fire vex and consume thee!" In a moment the Bull was burnt to ashes, so that not a fragment remained. All were deeply moved: a shudder ran through the spectators. "Our help," said Luther, "is in the name of God who made heaven and earth!"

Then the Reformer calmly took his way back to the city, and the crowd of doctors and students returned to Wittenberg. The university hall was soon filled with a numerous audience, for everybody expected an address from the Doctor. Fixing his eyes upon the assembly, he said: "I have burned the Decretals: but that is only child's play. It is time, and more than time, that we burnt the Pope,—that is to say," he went on, "the see of Rome, with all its teachings and abominations." And then he added, in a more solemn tone: "Unless you fight with all your heart against the iniquitous government of the Pope, you cannot be saved."

Words such as these were received with immense enthusiasm. "There is not one of us," shouted the students, "unless he be as dull as the papists, who does not believe what Luther says to be the real truth. Luther is an angel of the living God."

The Pope's Bull was burnt amid the applause of all Germany; and thus the 10th of December became one of the great days of the Reformation.

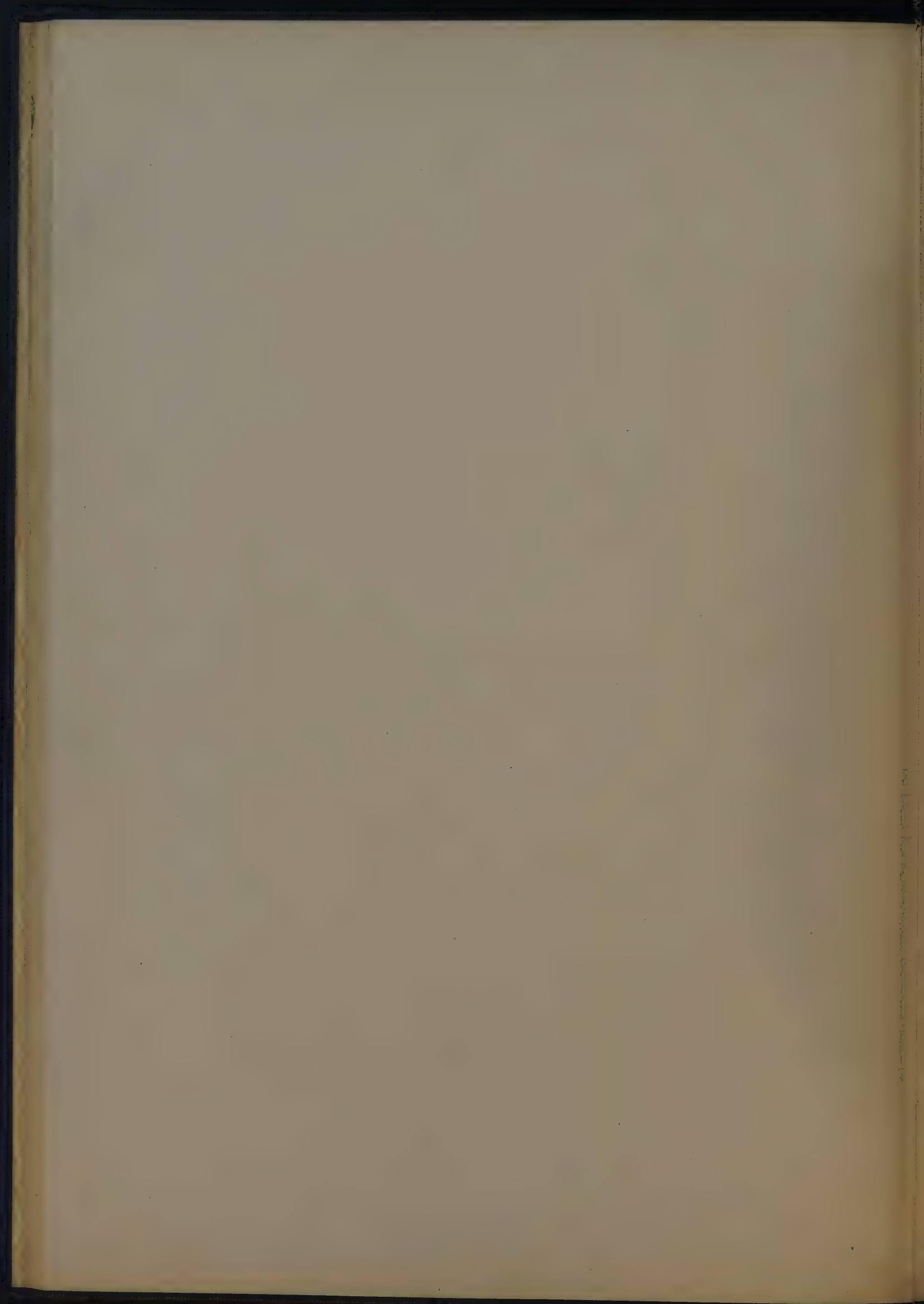




THE DIET OF WORMS

SCENE: THE CITY OF WORMS.

1570. ACT I. SC. I.



THE DIET OF WORMS.

13th APRIL, 1521.

(*Scene : Hall of the Diet.*)

LUTHER had been summoned by Charles V. to appear before the Imperial Diet. All his friends were alarmed, apprehending that the fate of John Huss would be his; but the Reformer, who was then in weak health, courageously exclaimed: "Cæsar commands; I must obey. If I cannot go to Worms in health, I will be carried there in sickness."

He set out, and all along the road he heard nothing but fears and gloomy forebodings. Everybody wanted to stop him. "If they were to make a fire from Worms to Wittemberg, and the flames thereof rose to the heavens; still," he said, "I would appear before the Emperor, and confess Jesus Christ."

When he reached Worms, a great multitude of the townspeople and strangers immediately surrounded the inn at which he had stopped, for they were all curious to see him. "He is a monster of iniquity!" said one group. "He is a prodigy of virtue," said another. "It is quite unprecedented," said a courtier, "for a little monk to resist the Pope, the king, and the whole world!" "Perhaps so; but the weaker the man," answered a pious bystander, "the more the power of God shines forth in him." A few persons went in to speak with Luther, and then he was left alone.

At the moment of appearing before the mighty men of the earth his soul was troubled. Alone in his room at the inn, he grew alarmed; he felt terrified; his faith forsook him; God's face was veiled from him. A mortal sadness fell upon him. He drank the cup of Gethsemane with a soul all in tumult; he prostrated himself to the earth, and gave utterance to his anguish in broken exclamations. "O Lord! my God!—how terrible is the world! Its jaws are open to devour me. Alas! I have no power of myself to contend with these great men of the earth. It is not mine own work I am about, but thine! My God! hearest thou me not? O God, art thou dead?"

The agonized Luther fell helpless on the floor. At last he slowly raised his head, looked towards heaven, and committed his cause to the Lord, by making a sacrifice of his life. "O my God!" exclaimed he, "I am ready,

meek as a lamb; for the cause is just—and it is thine.” After a moment’s silence, he exclaimed again: “O God! I know that thou hast elected me for this work! For the sake of thy dearly-beloved son, Jesus Christ, keep by my side! Though my body should be cut in pieces, my soul is thine! O God, thou art my deliverance!”

Luther rose from his knees, and no longer felt afraid. He drew near the Bible which lay open on his table, and placing his left hand on it, he raised the right towards heaven, and said: “I swear to confess the Gospel freely, even should I seal that confession with my blood.”

Just as it struck four on Thursday, the 18th of April, the marshal of the empire appeared to conduct Luther before the Diet. Luther followed him. In front went the herald, next came the marshal, and after him the Reformer. An immense crowd filled the streets. Luther was collected, his walk modest, but firm; his look peaceful, and even joyful: everything about him showed an imposing sublimity and enthusiasm. “God is in him,” exclaimed many.—“No,” replied the Pope’s friends; “it is a devil that drives him!” Luther had to wait some time in the courtyard of the Diet, in the midst of a crowd pressing round him from all sides.

The night had come: within the torches were lighted, and the glare reached into the court through the antique windows. All wore a solemn aspect. “God or Cæsar?” murmured Luther to himself. “I said No to Tetzl; I said No to the Roman legate at Augsburg; I said No to the doctors in the hall at Leipsic; I have said No to the Pope, and have burnt his Bull. I have yet to say No to the Emperor.”

When the princes met, Modo, chancellor of Flanders and bishop of Palermo, proposed a fiendish resolution: “No one is bound,” he said, “to observe a safe-conduct given to a heretic. Let your Imperial Majesty seize this man, and put him to death.” The Emperor, who exclaimed, some years later: “Why did I not crush this serpent in the egg?” made answer now: “What has been promised must be observed.” The doors of the hall were thrown open, and Luther was led in.

For the first minute the poor monk was dazzled by the brilliancy which surrounded him, and he was deeply moved. If, at this supreme hour, he stumbles, the Reformation falls with him. Accordingly, he sought to strengthen himself in God, for never had man appeared before so formidable an assembly. The Emperor Charles V. was on his throne, bearing the sceptre and the crown; at his right hand was his brother Ferdinand; near them, six electors, dukes, archbishops, marquises, bishops, ambassadors, princes, counts, and nuncios. There were two hundred and four persons in all.

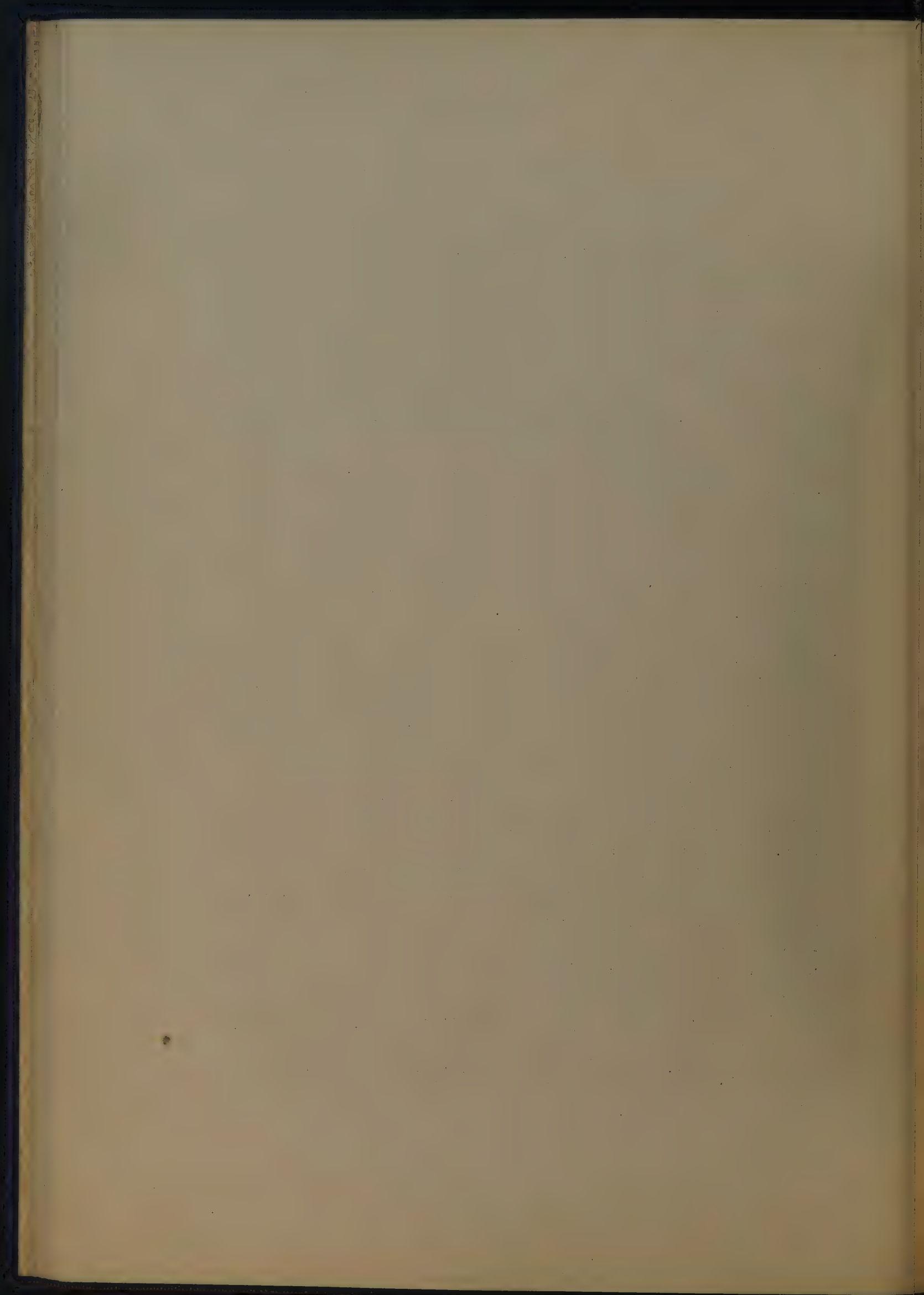
Charles V., impatient to see a man about whom all Europe was talking, fixed on him an inquiring glance; and seeing only a puny monk, wasted by prayer and fasting, he turned towards one of his attendants, and said, disdainfully: "Certes, that man will never make a heretic of me!" The elector of Saxony kept his anxieties and his fears to himself. The duke of Alva turned on him a hard and cruel glance. The young landgrave of Hesse, then a youth of seventeen, who wore a plumed hat, and thought of little besides hunting and feasting, felt an interest for the poor friar, for which he could not account. He rose, and went and placed himself at his right hand.

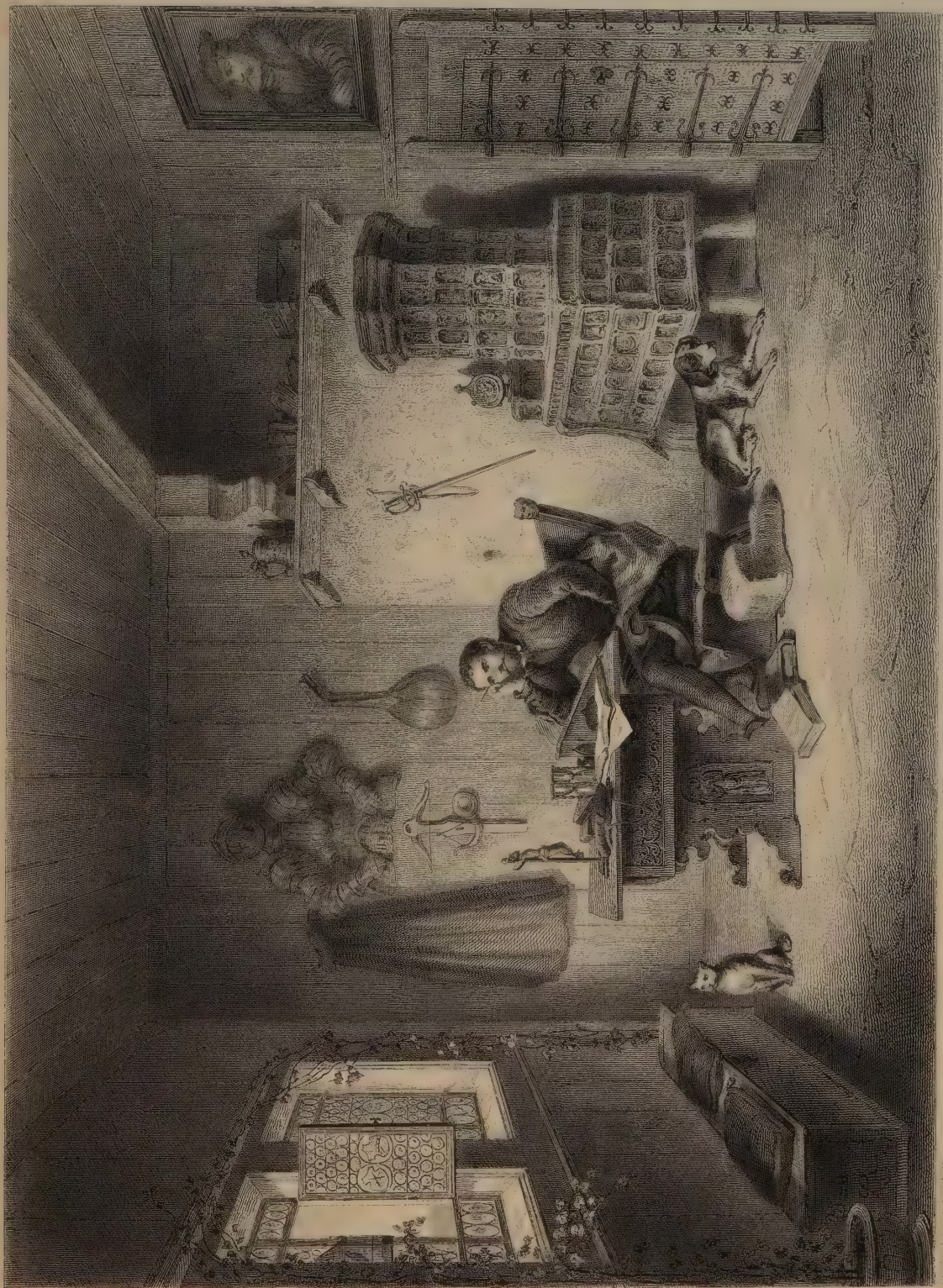
The chancellor of the elector of Treves spoke first, and said: "Martin Luther, do you maintain your writings, or are you willing to retract?" Luther had regained all his firmness and courage. He replied: "Most serene emperor, illustrious princes, gracious lords, how can I retract writings in which I have treated of faith in the purest manner? others, wherein I have combated doctrines by whose help the popes vex the consciences of the faithful? others, finally, in which I have attacked (a little violently, perhaps) certain persons who put forth blasphemies and oppress the people of God? If I retracted, woe is me! what should I do?"

Luther had spoken in German, modestly, but with warmth and firmness: he repeated his answer in Latin. The orator of the Diet then said to him with indignation: "I ask for a clear and precise answer. Will you retract, or will you not?" Luther replied: "This is my answer. Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, *I cannot and I will not retract.*" Then casting his eyes around the assembly, who held his life in their hands: "HERE I AM. I CAN DO NO MORE. MAY GOD HELP ME. AMEN!"

Thus spoke a plain monk before the emperor and the great men of his nation; and this weak man, as he stood there alone, but supported by grace from on high, was greater and stronger than them all. The Empire and the Church, persuasion and cruelty, all were shattered against that immovable will, animated by the liveliest faith. God had gathered together these kings and priests of the earth, publicly to humble their wisdom and their power. Even Charles could not contain himself, but exclaimed: "The monk speaks with an intrepid heart and unshakeable courage."

Such was the day of Worms. It was there, by his heroic boldness, that Luther confessed that Jesus Christ is King of the Church; that if the Christian owes obedience to his prince in things of the earth, he must, as a citizen of the heavenly kingdom, reject stoutly every order contrary to God's Word, and obey only the King of kings.

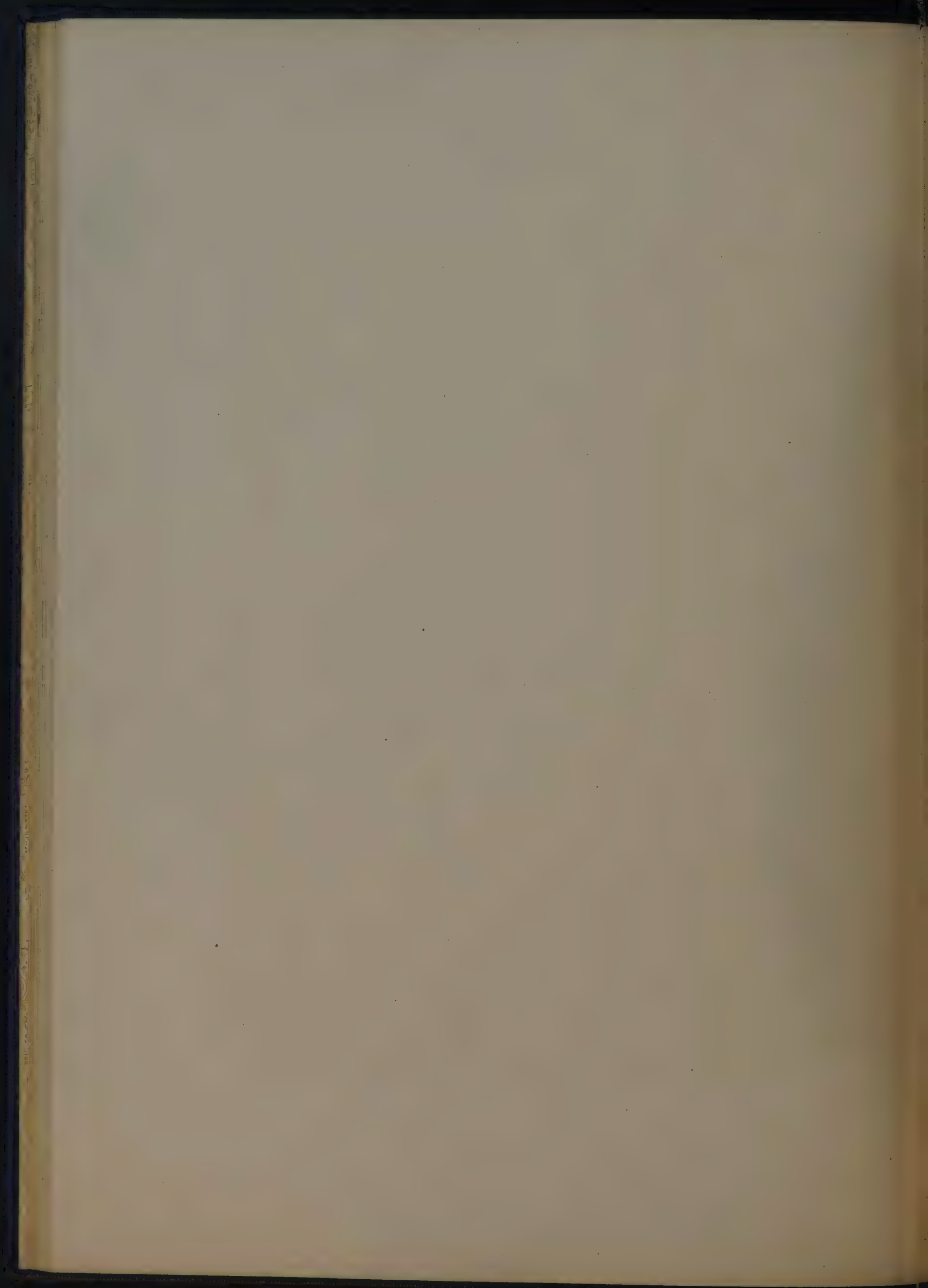




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LUTHER ON THE WARTBURG.

4th MAY, 1521—4th MARCH, 1522.

ABOUT two English miles from Eisenach may be seen a mountain, surrounded on three sides by the dark forests of Thuringia, and on whose summit stands an ancient castle, built by the landgrave Louis the Leaper. The landgraves of Thuringia long kept their court there, and in 1207 they held in it a famous poetical tournament, at which the most celebrated Minnesingers recited their ballads.

At midnight, on the 4th of May, 1521, all was sleeping on the Wartburg; darkness and silence reigned around its old and lofty walls. On a sudden the sound of horses' feet, slowly climbing the mountain-side, was heard; a loud knocking at the gate startled the porter from his slumbers, and a well-known voice bade him open. He lit a torch, drew back the bolts, raised the iron bars, threw back the folding gates, and six horsemen entered. One with the look of a nobleman, was Burkhard von Hund, lord of the neighbouring castle of Altenstein; the second was John of Berlepsch, commandant of the Wartburg; three others belonged to the garrison of the castle; but it was the sixth that attracted the astonished eyes of the porter, and by the flickering light of his torch he distinguished a monk about forty years of age, pale, thin, and apparently fatigued by his journey. As soon as he had alighted from his horse, he was led into a room in the castle, where the governor showed him the costume of a knight, which he was henceforward to wear. A sword was girt to his side; he was to allow his hair and beard to grow; and, added John of Berlepsch: "You will go by the name of Sir George."

This monk was Luther.

A week after he had left Worms, as the waggon in which he was riding with his brother and one of his friends, was going through a hollow way, five masked horsemen sprang out upon him, and carried him off. His fellow-travellers ran away in alarm, and soon spread abroad the terrible news, that echoed like a shriek of anguish through all Germany: "Luther has fallen into the hands of his enemies!" The abduction had been contrived by order of Frederick of Saxony, who saw no other way of saving the Reformer.

When Luther rose the next morning, he recollected that he was to dress

as a knight; and casting a last look on his monastic garments, he said: "Farewell, thou miserable cowl, that suffices in the monks' opinion to ransom from sin and from death! Farewell, proud robe, which they compare—nay! which they prefer—to the spotless robe and precious blood of Jesus Christ! Farewell!"

Having put on the military dress which had been left for him by the Commandant the evening before, Luther carefully examined his room, went to the window, and looked long and earnestly on the gloomy, solitary, silent, and boundless forests which lay beneath him. Then retiring from the window, he sat down, and began to think upon all that had happened to him. He called to mind that suffering and humiliation are necessary to Christians; and though his heart recovered its temper in the waters of bitterness, he cried out with gratitude: "In the time of trouble thou hidest me in thy tabernacle." He felt happy in the Wartburg.

This tranquillity was not of long duration. Luther could not keep his thoughts from dwelling upon what was taking place in the world without. "They will accuse me of deserting the field of battle," he said. "They will take advantage of my absence to undo the work I have begun!" Bodily sufferings were soon added to the anguish of his soul: he fell sick, and passed whole nights without sleeping. He would rise, and sitting on his bed, in the darkness and silence of night, would utter cries of torture that were heard in the other apartments of the castle. Luther, whose imagination was excited, fixed his wandering eyes on a certain part of the opposite wall. He fancied he could see Satan rejoicing over his captivity—could distinguish his infernal and malicious smile. Luther spoke to him, defied him; but the same satanic sneer was ever visible. One day, in alarm and irritation, he caught up his ink-bottle, and threw it at his adversary's head. The demoniac form vanished, and the bottle was dashed to atoms against the wall.

The Commandant saw that the broken health and agitated mind of his prisoner needed exercise, and invited him to walk about in the neighbourhood of the castle. These excursions were not always without danger. One day, when a cat had stolen into his room, Luther noticed that its eyes were fixed upon a bird in a cage hung near the window. "'Tis thus," he said, "that the Pope watches me, ready to pounce upon me if I go out." No matter, he left his chamber. A masked gate in the castle wall was opened, and Sir George ventured into the numerous paths that wound across the slopes of the mountain, and whose sides were fringed with tufts of wild strawberries. He soon grew bolder, and desired to taste the pleasures of the chase; but while the escort that accompanied him cheered on the dogs who drove the game

from their hiding-places, Luther was thinking of very different matters. He was meditating controversial topics. "Alas!" he exclaimed; "it is thus that the devil cheers on the Pope and the bishops to the chase of poor souls."

But when Luther returned to his tranquil abode, he displayed far more energy and activity than while he was in the Thuringian forest. He called the Wartburg his Patmos; and the place to which the Elector consigned him had in truth some resemblance to that island where St. John had been banished by the Emperor Domitian. From the depths of his lonely retreat the new St. John delivered blow after blow against the *great Babylon*; his letters, tracts—each of them was like a thunderbolt, striking and setting fire to the worm-eaten edifice of the Papacy. Men listened, and wondered at the destruction caused by the thunder that crashed from the Wartburg; while at the sight of these repeated blows and their terrible effects, his friends and his enemies, with equal astonishment, exclaimed: "He is still alive!"

The first of his works was directed against *Confession*; the second was against *Latomus*, who had written to prove that it was an excellent thing to burn Luther's books. After that came a treatise *On the Abuse of the Mass*; then another against the *New Idol of Halle*; and others quite as polemical. Finally, Luther engaged, but without making any show of it as yet, in the most important of all his labours.

One grand thought had entered into his mind, shortly after his arrival at the Wartburg; he had resolved to turn his leisure to account, by giving the Holy Scriptures to his nation. He said: "I will translate the New Testament into our mother-tongue. . . . Oh, if this book could but be in the hands—in the hearts of all. . . . Luther must now retire, and the Bible advance; the man must disappear, and God appear." And he applied himself to his task.

Whilst he was translating the Holy Scriptures, the doctrine of justification by faith, which is particularly set forth in the Epistles of St. Paul, once more attracted all his attention; and he deduced from it a corollary, of which he had not hitherto thought. Seated in his arm-chair, leaning with his elbow on the table, where lay a crucifix and the New Testament, his head resting on his hand, he followed out in his mind all the consequences of Paul's doctrine. "Man is justified by grace, by faith," said he, "and not by his own works. What becomes, then, of the monastic life, based wholly on the presumed merits of the monks? Monkery and salvation by grace are in flagrant opposition. . . . If the doctrine of justification abides in the Church, no one can hereafter become a monk. Monkery must fall."

This thought was like a revelation to Luther. He rose in emotion, and,

astonished at his great discovery, began to repeat aloud: "Yes! monkery must fall. I will deliver the young from the devilish fires of celibacy. . . . The monks are the pillars of the Popedom: I will throw down these pillars. God has made nothing which Satan has not caricatured; and because it was God's will to have a nation of priests, Satan has made a nation of monks. . . . But this diabolical race must disappear from the face of the earth. . . . No, I am not a monk; I am a new creature, not of the Pope, but of Jesus Christ. Christ alone, Christ without any mediator, is my bishop, my abbot, my prior, my Lord, my father, my master; and I will have no other." Luther, excited and terrified as it were by the great revolution that he foresaw, fell back exhausted in his chair.

He soon recovered, however. "To work! to work!" he exclaimed; "no delay!" He took a sheet of paper, and wrote:—

"Whatever cometh not of faith is sin.

"Whoever makes a vow of chastity, of service to God, without faith, makes an impious vow,—a vow to the devil himself.

"We must utterly suppress all convents as the devil's houses.

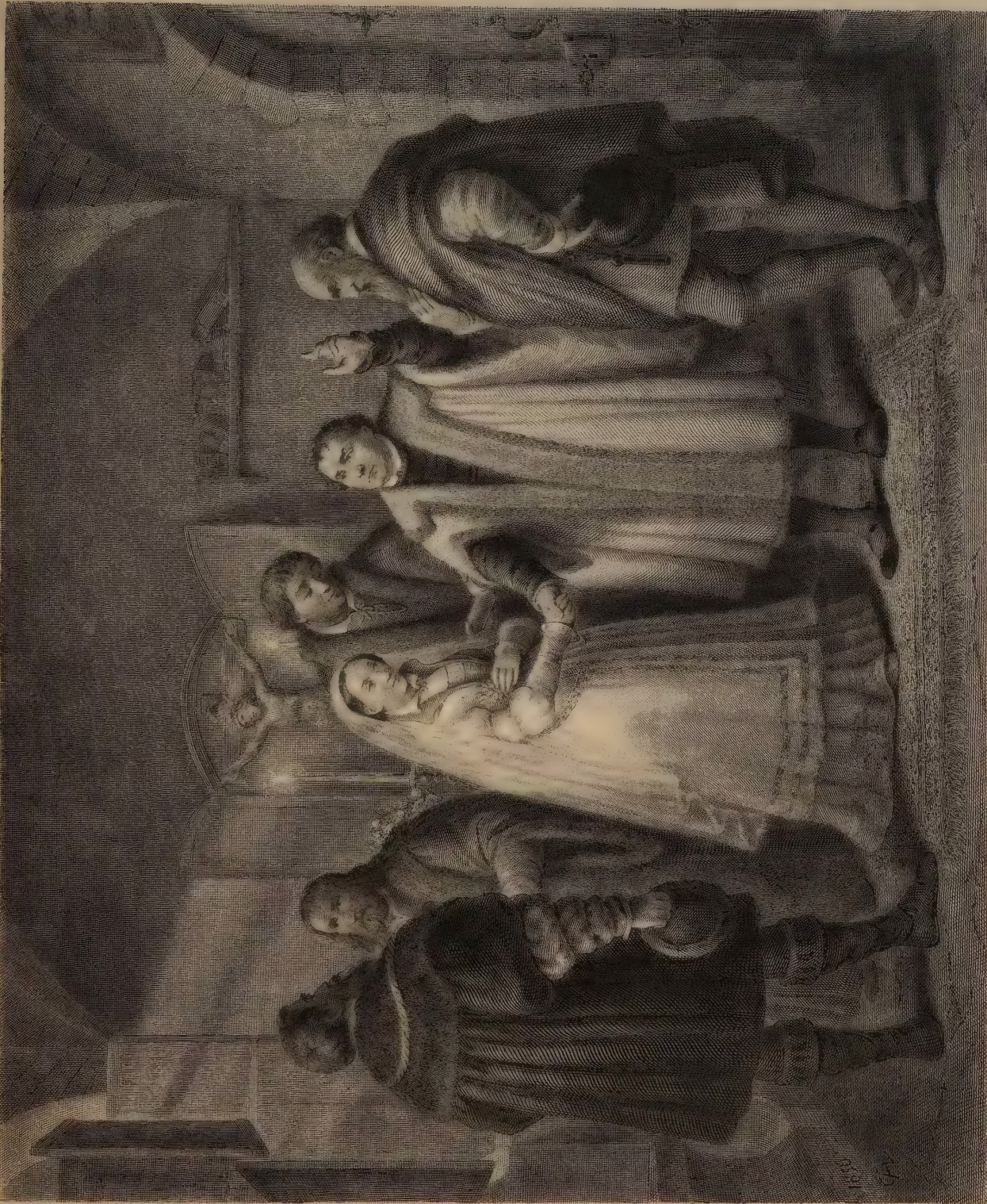
"There is only one order that is holy and maketh holy—namely, Christianity and Faith."

Luther next addressed these propositions, which were his declaration of war against a monastic life, "to the bishops and deacons of the Church of Wittenberg."

The Reformation, by suppressing the monks, has restored the laity as essential and influential members of the Church. Luther in the Wartburg laid down the monk's cowl and took up the layman's dress. This transformation of the Reformer was a symbol of the immense transformation about to be wrought in the human race.

He said, then: *All who possess the spirit of Christ are priests of the living God.*

On this grand principle depend in part the holiness and life of the Church,—the liberty and prosperity of nations.



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THE MARRIAGE

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WESSEX AT WETTINGBERG.

1859.

THE MARRIAGE.

(Scene : Amsdorff's House at Wittemberg.)

LUCAS CRANACH, REICHENBACH, CATHERINE VON BORA, POMERANUS, LUTHER,
AND APELLES.

13th JUNE, 1525.

LUTHER had remained alone in the Augustine convent, and his were now the only footsteps that echoed through its long corridors. He sat silent in the refectory, and the voices of the monks were heard no more around the table. In the midst of his solitude he thought: "The first commandment that God gave to man was to take to himself a help-mate. The first time our Lord manifested His glory was on a wedding-day. The only ray now left us of the joys of Paradise is the gentle radiance of domestic happiness. . . But, alas! popery has changed that divine order: the peace of a household and conjugal fidelity are every day troubled by the gross passions of priests and monks. We must bring this guilty celibacy to an end, and restore the Lord's institution."

Nine nuns living in a convent of Saxony had for some time past been studying the Holy Scriptures. "What a difference!" exclaimed one of them, by name Catherine von Bora, "between the Christian and the monastic life!" One day Catherine and her eight companions alighted from a waggon at the gate of the old Augustine convent at Wittemberg. Luther received them kindly, and placed them in the families of some of his friends. He found Catherine von Bora to be virtuous and pious, but a little proud, which displeased him. Yet, upon reflection, he recognized all the beauty of her character. "Of a truth," said he, "this noble lady will be of greater worth to the man who marries her than the republic of Venice or the kingdom of France."

Meantime the thoughts over which he had been brooding for some months still continued to occupy his mind. His aged father desired to see him married, and he began to wish for it himself. Day and night he prayed the Lord to guide him. "Must I marry," said he, "or must I abide alone?" He soon saw that if he was called to marriage as a man, he was also as a reformer. "By marrying," said he, "I shall break entirely with the institutions of popery;

I shall encourage timid men to renounce their detestable errors. I will preserve nothing of my papistical life. If I take a wife, it is not to live with her long, for my end is near; but I wish to leave an unimpeachable confirmation of what I have preached here on earth."

Luther's intentions were no sooner known than there was a great commotion in Wittenberg. "If this monk marries," said Dr. Scharf, shrugging his shoulders, "the world and the devil will laugh at him, and he will destroy with his own hand the work he has begun."—"Indeed!" said the Reformer. "I shall play the world and the devil this trick then. I will brave my enemies, and do this pleasure to my father. I shall marry Catherine, and nobody shall make me afraid!"

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th of June, 1525, Luther went to Amsdorff's house (or, as others say, to the town-clerk's), where Catherine had arrived before him. The betrothed pair stood side by side; Lucas Cranach the artist, Reichenbach, and the legist Apelles, gathered round them as witnesses; and then Pomeranus, whom Luther pre-eminently styled "The Pastor," began the ceremony. Luther and Catherine joined hands, the pastor blessed them in the name of the Lord. Luther was so moved that he could not restrain the feelings that came crowding into his heart, and exclaimed: "O Heavenly Father, who hast called me to proclaim Thy name, and hast established me in the functions of the ministry, since it is Thy will that I should be called 'father,' give me Thy blessing that I may guide my well-beloved wife, my children, and my servants in a Christian manner." Then the Pastor, stretching his hands over them, said:—

"May thy wife be as a fruitful vine by the side of thy house; thy children like olive-plants round about thy table; mayst thou see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life."

Two days later Luther wrote to Rühel, to John Thur, and to Gaspar Müller:—

"The nobles, priests, and peasants are all against me, and the whole world threatens me with death. . . I wish to be prepared for it, and with that view I desire to be found at my last hour in the state which God has appointed, and without retaining any traces of my old life. For this reason I married, and I intend to have a little feast on this account next Tuesday week. If you will come and meet my dear father and mother, and bring with you some good friends, you will give me much pleasure. I should very willingly invite my gracious lords, Counts Gebhard and Adelbert; but I dare not, for their Graces have plenty to do without thinking of me.

"MARTIN LUTHER."

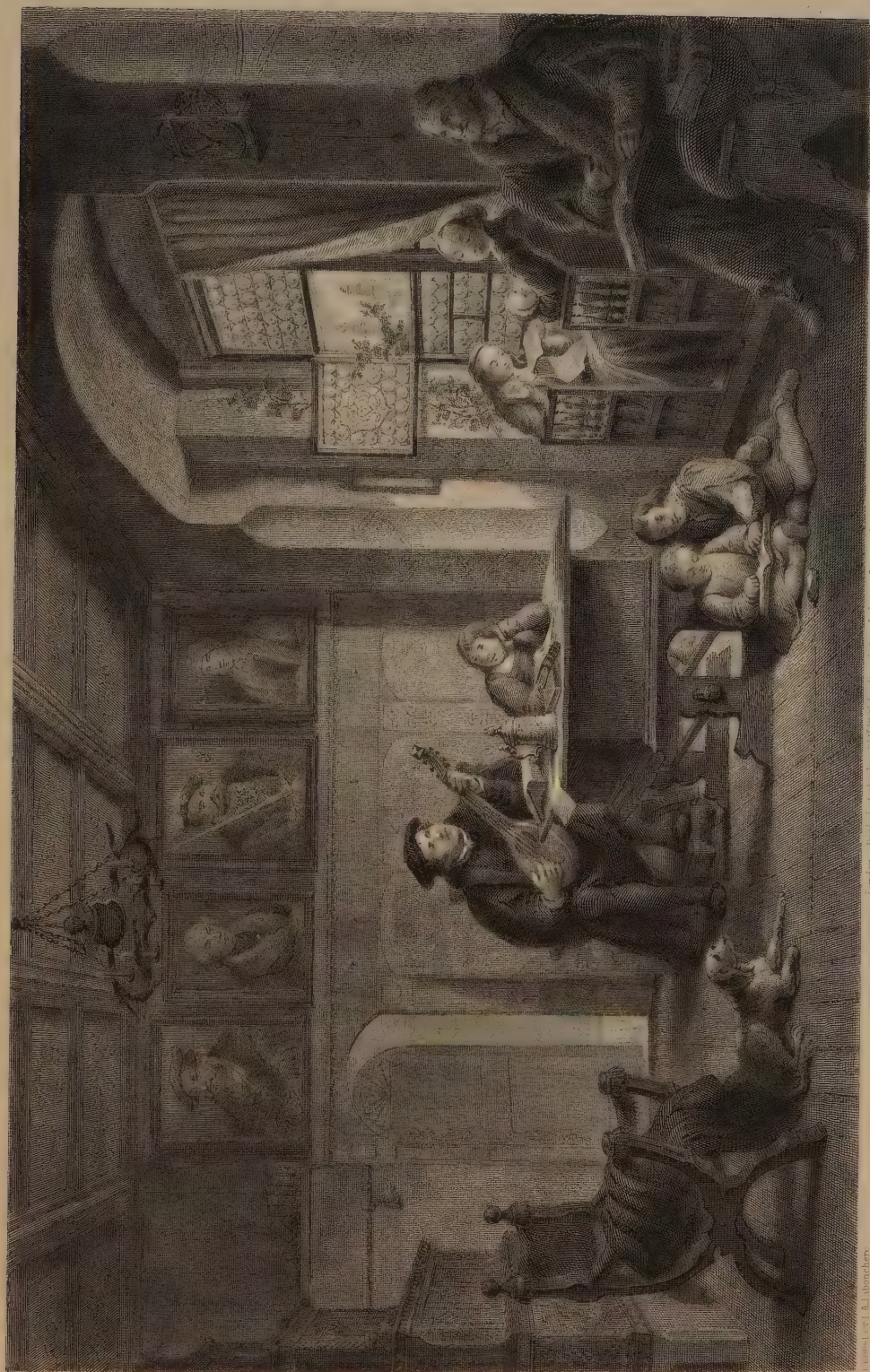
Having despatched this letter, he took another sheet of paper, and wrote to Spalatin:—

“I am preparing a feast on the occasion of my marriage; you must be present at it. By this marriage I have drawn upon myself so much contempt and abuse, that the angels, I hope, rejoice, and all the devils weep. The world forgets that marriage is a pious and holy work of God, or (at least, so far as I am concerned) regards it as an impious and devilish thing! Pray for us!”

Sarcasms and calumnies were indeed lavished upon him from every quarter. “Antichrist will be born of this marriage,” said one; “for our prophets foretell that he will be born of a monk and a nun.” To which Erasmus replied, with a malicious smile: “If the prediction is true, what thousands of antichrists there must have been in the world already!”—“He who is in us,” replied Luther, “is greater than the world, and those who are with us are more numerous than those who are with them. The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear! May God make this new kind of life a blessing to me!”

And He did so. Catherine consoled him when he was dejected, soothed him when he was vexed: she sat at his feet, and read to him from the Bible. “The married state,” exclaims Luther, “compels a man to enter into the most heavenly life—the life of faith! The husband loves his wife as Christ loved the Church, and the wife honours in her husband the image of Him who is her real Head. My Ketha submits to me in all things, and I count myself richer than Cræsus.”

The marriage of the ministers of the Lord put an end to a countless number of disorders and secret crimes. The reformers and their disciples became the models of their flocks in the most important relation of life; and a morality, till then unknown, spread through the middle classes. We may easily convince ourselves of this by comparing the nations under the rule of Scripture with those under the rule of popery.



London.—Engraved (under 37 1/2) by J. J. & Son Lithographers to the Queen.

THE MUSEUM OF THE QUEEN

THE MUSEUM OF THE QUEEN, AS IT APPEARS IN THE WALLS AND CEILING OF THE QUEEN'S PALACE.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

(Scene : A Room in Luther's House at Wittemberg ; on the walls are Portraits of the Reformer's Friends.)

LUTHER, WITH HIS CHILDREN, JOHN, PAUL, MARTIN, AND MAGDALEN. MARGARET IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS.

LUTHER'S greatest happiness, next to that which he derived from the Word of God, was to live in the bosom of his family. Imagine him one day, in the year 1536, seated at a table strewn with books ; at his left his first-born John, then twelve years old, was learning his lesson ; at the foot of the table was little Paul, a boy of three, with a picture-book upon his knee, which Martin, who was two years older, was explaining as he turned over the leaves. In the bay window sat Magdalen, a girl between seven and eight years old, learning to sew, and their mother Catherine holding the baby Margaret in her arms, and looking tenderly at the two younger boys lying on the floor. Melancthon, seated in a corner of the room with his books, contemplated this pleasing sight, as did the dog also, who lay stretched in front of the illustrious doctor.

Luther had taken his lute and sung one of his noble hymns. When he had finished, he put down the instrument, looked round him, fixing his eyes by turns on his wife, his children, and his friend. "There is nothing sweeter," he said, "nothing more beautiful than a happy marriage, where the husband and wife live together in peace and concord. It is the best gift of Heaven, next to the knowledge of God and of His Word. . . . Catherine," he continued, turning to his wife, "you have a husband who fears God and loves you. In this you are happier than an empress, as other godly women are. Be sensible of your happiness, and give thanks to God."

He rose, and approaching one of his children, who was walking about the room with a toy in his arms, placed his hand on the boy's head, and blessing him, said : "Go, my child, and be godly. I shall leave thee neither silver nor gold ; but thou wilt have after me a God who is very rich, and will never forsake thee."

The children had clustered together, chattering to each other ; and as Luther noticed their simplicity, their innocence, and their childlike confidence in the Lord, he said : "Of a truth these dear little creatures are far more learned in faith than we old fools. We give ourselves much trouble, we wrangle and

dispute about the meaning of the Word, while these dear children believe without disputing."

His wife rose, and placed the infant Margaret in his arms: "I would willingly have died at the age of this little child," he said. "I would willingly have renounced for that all the honour I have gained, and may still have in this world."

John having finished learning his lesson, had left his seat, and was playing with the dog, who did everything he was ordered. "This child," said his father, "is putting the Word of God into practice. Has not the Lord said: Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth? See how this dog does whatever the boy orders him."

Yet Luther could be strict with his children. On one occasion he would not allow John to appear before him for three days. Catherine was miserable: she entreated her husband to forgive the child; but he was inexorable. She then went and begged Dr. Jonas and Dr. Teutleben to intercede for the boy. "No," answered Luther, "I would rather my son were dead than badly brought up. I will not forgive the boy until he has written me a letter, humbling himself, and imploring my pardon."

Luther required in his servants a behaviour without reproach, in order that the Gospel might not be dishonoured; but he could also appreciate a faithful domestic. When Wolfgang Sieberger, who had served him many years, lost the use of one arm, Luther bought a cottage for him, and said: "It is my wish you should know where to go to after my death. I would not have you reduced to the workhouse like a pauper." And yet he could reprove Wolfgang when there was any necessity. One day the latter, probably in order to please the children, had set up a net to catch birds. Luther, in order to amuse his young ones, drew up a complaint of the birds after this fashion:—

"To our very dear lord Martin Luther,—

"We, the thrushes, chaffinches, linnets, goldfinches, and other pious and honourable birds, who will have to pass by Wittemberg this autumn, take the liberty to inform you that one Wolfgang, your servant, has had the audacity, out of dislike to us, to set up a net in order to deprive us of the liberty of flying in the air, and of picking up from the ground the little seeds that God has given us. Moreover, he seeks in this way to take our lives, we having never done him any harm. For this reason we pray you to restrain your servant from such acts. If he persevere in his wickedness, we shall ask that by day he may be surrounded by frogs, grasshoppers, and snails, and at night by mice, fleas, and bugs; so that, being tormented by all these creatures, he may forget us, and no longer hinder our flying through the air.

"Given in our aerial abode, under the trees, with our ordinary seal.

"Behold the fowls of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.'"

At Luther's table there were usually a few students, or else some learned foreigners. At times he would be lost in thought, and would not utter a word; at others he was full of gaiety, and his friends used to call his conversation *condimenta mensæ* (the seasoning of the table), preferring it to the most exquisite viands.

If any one, in answer to his inquiry of the news, should tell him of anything very distressing that had just happened, he would say, "The Gospel brings us good news, and I know of none other in the world."

He did not forget his children when away from them. During the Diet of Augsburg, Luther, who remained in the Castle of Coburg, was a prey to the most gloomy thoughts; for he saw clearly that the fate of the Reformation was about to be decided in the city whither Charles V. had summoned the Protestant princes to give an account of their faith. But Luther was the father still; he always knew how to be a child with children. It was at such a time he wrote the following letter to his eldest son, then only four years old.*

"Grace and peace to you in Jesus Christ, my dear child. I perceive with pleasure that you are making good progress with your learning, and that you say your prayers every day. Continue to do so, my dear son, and when I return home I will bring you something beautiful. I know a lively and smiling garden, full of children dressed in robes of gold, who play under the trees with beautiful apples, pears, cherries, and plums. They sing, they leap, they are all joyful; they have also beautiful little ponies with bridles of gold and saddles of silver. I went up to the man to whom the garden belongs, and asked him who the children were. He replied: 'These are the children who love to pray and to learn, and who are good.' I said to him: 'I have also a child, his name is Johnny Luther; might he not also come into the garden, and eat of these beautiful apples and pears, and ride on these pretty ponies, and play with the other children?' The man replied to me: 'If he says his prayers and learns his lessons, and is good, he may come, and bring Phil and Jemmy with him; and when they are all together they shall have drums and fifes and harps, and all sorts of instruments; they shall dance and amuse themselves with cross-bows.' And the man pointed out to me, in the middle of the garden, a beautiful lawn prepared for dancing, where from every tree

* Luther's Works (De Wette's edition), vol. iv. p. 41.

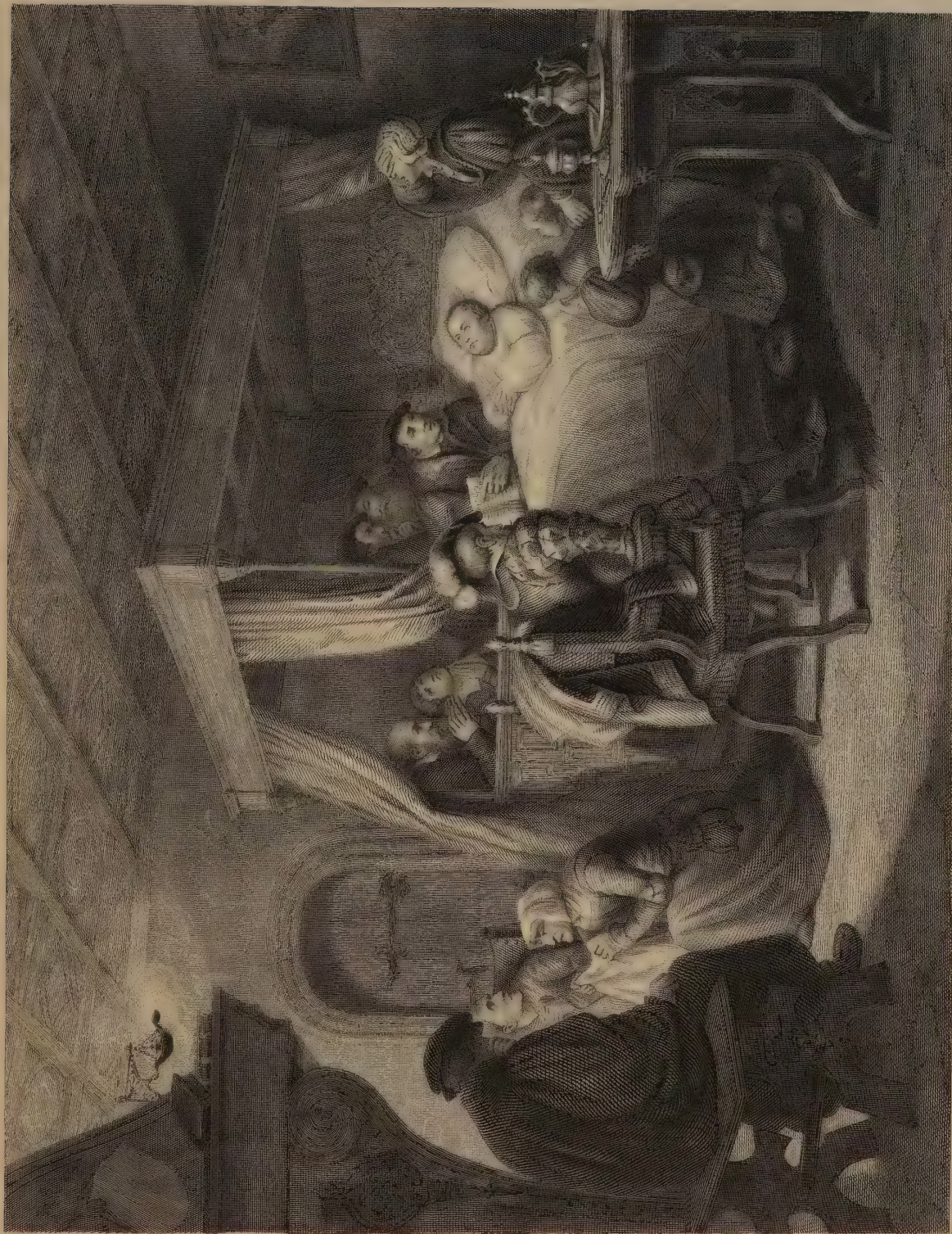
there hung golden drums and fifes, and silver cross-bows. But it was early: the children had not breakfasted, and as I could not wait until the dancing began, I said to the man: 'Dear Sir, I must go, and write all this to my dear Johnny, and tell him to be a good boy, to pray and learn well, that he may be permitted to come to this garden. But he has an aunt Magdalen whom he would like to bring with him.' The man answered: 'It is well! go and write.' Be good, then, my dear son, learn well and pray well, and tell Phil and Jemmy to learn and to pray, so that you may all come to the garden together. I commend you to Almighty God. Salute your aunt Magdalen, and give her a kiss for me.

"Your dear Father,

"19th June, 1530.

"MARTIN LUTHER."

There are few men to whom the words of the Psalmist can be applied better than to Luther: "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thy house, thy children like olive-plants round about thy table. The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion, and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life."



Engraved by T. G. S.

London, 1784, and Overton, 1786, by J. G. S. del. and engravers to the Queen.

Engraved by T. G. S.

VICTORY IN DEATH

FIFTEEN

THE NIGHT OF THE 17th FEBRUARY 1786

Printed by J. G. S.

VICTORY IN DEATH.

DR. JUSTUS JONAS; DRACHSTADT, THE TOWN CLERK, AND HIS WIFE; CÆLIUS, PASTOR OF MANSFELD; AMBROSE, A SERVANT; THE REFORMER'S SONS, MARTIN AND PAUL; THE PHYSICIANS WILD AND LUDWIG; COUNT ALBERT OF MANSFELD; LUTHER; AND THE COUNTESS OF MANSFELD.

EISLEBEN: *The night of the 18th February, 1546.*

THROUGHOUT his life Luther had refused to have recourse to the secular arm; he desired to see the truth triumph by the power of God alone. In 1546, however, in despite of his efforts, war was on the point of breaking out. It pleased God to spare His servant this distressing sight.

The Counts of Mansfeld, on whose estates he had been born, having some differences with their subjects, and with some gentry of the neighbourhood, had recourse to the Reformer's mediation. The latter, then at the age of sixty-three, had been suffering from frequent giddiness; but as he never spared himself, he set out on his journey, and arrived on the borders of the count's estates on the 28th of January, accompanied by his friend, the theologian Jonas, who had gone with him to the Diet of Worms, and by two of his sons, Martin, who was fifteen years old, and Paul, who was thirteen. The Counts of Mansfeld, attended by 112 horsemen, received him with respect, and escorted him into that very town of Eisleben, where he was born, and where he was to die. Although seized with a fainting-fit the very evening of his arrival, he took courage, and applying zealously to work, took part in twenty conferences, preached four times, communicated twice, and laid hands upon two ministers. In the midst of all these labours, the great business of the Church continually engrossed his thoughts; and every evening, as Jonas and Cælius bade him good night, he said to them: "Doctor Jonas, Master Michael, pray the Lord to save His Church, for the Council of Trent is in a great rage."

Luther generally dined with the Counts of Mansfeld, and all his conversations show that the Holy Scriptures grew daily more significant in his eyes. Two days before his death, he said to the counts: "Cicero writes in his *Letters* that no one can understand the science of government unless he has filled some twenty years an important office in the commonwealth. And I tell you that no one can understand Scripture if he has not governed the churches for a hundred years, with the Prophets, the Apostles, and Jesus Christ." . . . This

was the 16th of February. After saying these words, he wrote them in Latin, laid them on the table, and withdrew to his room. He had scarcely entered it when he felt that his last hour was at hand. "As soon as I have reconciled my dear lords," said he to those around him, "I shall return home, lie down in my coffin, and deliver up my body to the worms."

The next day (17th February) his weakness increased. The Count of Mansfeld and the Prince of Anhalt, calling to express their deep anxiety, begged him not to come to the conference. He rose, walked up and down his room, and exclaimed: "Here at Eisleben I was christened, am I to die here too?" Shortly after this he took the sacrament. Many of his friends stood around him, who thought that ere long they would see him no more. "Shall we meet again," said one of them to him, "in the everlasting assembly of the blessed? We shall then be so changed, all of us." . . . "Adam," replied Luther, "had never seen Eve; yet when he awoke he did not say, Who art thou? but, Thou art flesh of my flesh. How did he know that she was made of his flesh, and not of a stone? He knew it, because he was full of the Holy Ghost. So, likewise, in the heavenly paradise we shall be full of the Holy Ghost, and shall recognize our father and mother and friends much better than Adam knew Eve."

Luther withdrew into his room, and, as he was accustomed to do every day, even in winter, he opened his window, lifted up his eyes, and prayed. His voice was trembling and solemn: "O heavenly Father," said he, "who of Thy great mercy hast revealed to me the fall and the utter darkness of the Pope, the day of Thy glory and the light of Thy gospel, which is now dawning over the whole earth, will soon spread throughout the universe. O Father, keep until the end the Church of my dear country; uphold it in the knowledge of Thy truth, in the possession of Thy word; preserve it from every backsliding; that thus the whole world may know that Thou hast sent me, and that I have been doing Thy work!"

He closed the window, returned to his friends, and about ten o'clock withdrew to his bedroom. As he crossed the threshold of the room in which he was to die, he stopped short, and said: "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum! Redemisti me, Deus veritatis!*" Into thy hands I commit my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth!

The 18th of February, the day of his departure for heaven, soon arrived. About an hour after midnight Luther, beginning to feel the cold embraces of the grave, called Jonas and his faithful servant Ambrose. "Light the stove," said he to the latter, and then exclaimed: "O Lord my God, how I suffer! What a weight there is upon my chest. . . I shall stay at Eisleben."—"Our

heavenly Father will help you," said Jonas, "for the love of Christ whom you have faithfully preached to men." Luther got out of bed, and took a turn or two in his room, when looking humbly towards heaven, he exclaimed once more: "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth!" Jonas, who was frightened, sent for the physicians Dr. Wild and Dr. Ludwig, the Count and Countess of Mansfeld, the town-clerk, and Luther's children. All hurried to the house in alarm. "I am dying," said the sick man.—"No," said Jonas, "you have perspired well; that will relieve you."—"It is the sweat of death," said Luther; "I shall soon breathe my last." He reflected for a moment, and then said, with a sinking voice, but with a solemn gravity and filial confidence: "O my heavenly Father, God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed to me Thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ, in whom I have believed, whom I have preached, and whom I have confessed, whom the Pope and all the ungodly insult, blaspheme, and persecute, but whom I love and adore as my Saviour. O Jesus Christ, my Lord, to Thee I commend my soul! O heavenly Father, I must leave this body; but I believe for certain that I shall abide everlastingly with Thee, and that no man shall snatch me from Thy hands!"

He remained silent for a few minutes, as if his prayer had exhausted him. But his looks soon brightened again, a holy joy shone in his eyes, and he said, with great fullness of faith: "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." A moment after, as if sure of victory, he repeated the words of David: "He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." Dr. Wild went up to him, and wished him to take a restorative; but he refused. "I am dying," he said; "I shall render up the ghost." Returning again to that exclamation which seemed to be his pass-word to death, he repeated thrice without any interval: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth, O God of truth!"

He closed his eyes. They touched him—they spoke to him; but he answered not. It was in vain they applied warm cloths to his body, which the town-clerk and his wife heated; it was in vain the Countess of Mansfeld and the two physicians rubbed him with stimulants; he remained motionless. Those who stood round the bed, seeing that God was about to deprive the church militant of this great champion, were deeply agitated. The physicians watched from minute to minute the advances of death. His two children, Martin and Paul, bathed in tears, and on their knees, cried to God to preserve their father. Ambrose wept the master, Coelius the friend, whom

they had so loved. The Count of Mansfeld thought of the disturbances that Luther's death might occasion in the Empire. The afflicted countess sobbed bitterly, and hid her eyes that she might not witness the distressing sight. Jonas, standing a little aside, was heartbroken as he thought of the terrible blow it would be to the Reformation. Desirous of obtaining a final testimony from Luther, he approached the dying man, and leaning over his friend, said to him: "Reverend father, in your last moments do you rest on Jesus Christ, and do you remain firm in the doctrine you have taught?"—"YES," answered Luther, so that all in the room could hear him. It was his last word. The paleness of death spread over his face; his forehead, his hands, and his feet grew cold. They called him in vain by his baptismal name—"Doctor Martin." He made no answer. He breathed a low, deep sigh, and fell asleep in the Lord, between one and two o'clock in the morning. "Verily," exclaimed Jonas, who has preserved all these details, "Thou lettest Thy servant, Lord, depart in peace, and hast fulfilled for him Thy promise to us, which he wrote the other day in the Bible of one of his friends: *Verily, verily, if any man keep my saying, he shall not see death.*"

Thus did Luther return to his Master full of confidence in the redemption of Jesus Christ, and of calm trust in the triumph of truth. Luther is no more with us, but Christ is ever with His people until the end of all things; and the work begun by Luther still lives, advancing and spreading unto the ends of the earth.

Henneman ^{\$} u. —

11/21/23

